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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Depression Literature

WE began one day to make a catalogue of the masterpieces of depression literature, but gave up in something like fright. All the crowned works of the past seemed to be moving toward that category! But this, of course, was an exaggeration. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" and the "Æneid," "The Golden Ass," the plays of Molière, and the comedies of Shakespeare, "Tom Jones" and "Pickwick,"—there were plenty left that owed no inspiration to the pinch of trouble that says to the human spirit, "up, beast, out of thy stall." But what a solemn and magnificent series of the great works of the human imagination were fathered in times of deep depression! Isaiah and Jeremiah and the "Book of Job"; Boethius and "The Divine Comedy"; "Lear" and "Troilus and Cressida" though here, as perhaps in Plato's "Republic," the depression was personal and the disintegration of society prophetic. "Paradise Lost" is from beginning to end an epic of depression, which is not to say, of course, that it is depressed or depressing. The works of Dostoievsky are unthinkable as springing from prosperity. A Hawthorne and a Melville in 1927 would have had no more to feed upon than did those shrill-voiced Americans who protested so loudly that bath tubs and a rising Wall Street ... not enough.

... has our depression no monuments? ...rticulate in literature, and to be ... print only in the warnings of ...kers and in novels based upon ... that life is a chaos, and a dirty ...at? The truth seems to be that ... the kind of depression out of ...erature is made. It is far more ...sciously economic than those ear... times when men put the blame ... kings or mobs or the Catholics or ... Jews or pernicious ideas or the devil ... righteous and indignant God. Great ...hallenging ideas are afloat but they ... yet touch the emotions. Society ...oe reorganized but no one outside ...sia is stirred very deeply about it. ... not yet in the emotional stage, ...tunately, since in a far greater ...e than in any earlier epoch there ... immense body of scientific study ... in its statement of ways and means ...ures and causes, is at least half a ...y ahead of social practice anywhere. ...stinct of the intelligent man to learn ... sociology, more psychology, more ...nics, is a sound one. This is, above ...s, an age when knowledge, much ...eady tested, is easily available; ... failure of a course of economic ... n often, not just sometimes, be ... l in advance; when the public and ...itial leaders are so far apart in ...ey know and think that contact ...en lost.

In Russia alone has the idea of reconstruction become emotional and imaginative as in the early Renaissance and in the Puritan Reformation in England. But

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The Dead Lie Still

By SELMA ROBINSON

ONLY the living are concerned
with living;
"So sharp! so sweet! so swift!
so short!" despair
The restless living . . . but the dead do
not care.

THE RED CITY, MOSCOW, FROM "STALIN," BY ESSAD BEY (VIKING)

An Epic of Revolution*

By SIDNEY HOOK

THE Russian Revolution—though only fourteen years old—has already produced a vast amount of historical commentary. But unquestionably Leon Trotsky's "History" is the most remarkable piece of writing that has yet appeared on the greatest event since the French Revolution. It is more than that. It is also a work of art. The historical portraiture of changing scene, mass action, and focal personalities, although woven into an intricate web of causal analysis, retains the freshness of contemporary experience. It challenges comparison only with Marx's "Eighteenth Brumaire," a work upon which Trotsky obviously nurtured himself in preparation for his task.

No one can appreciate the superb quality of Trotsky's achievement who has not reflected upon the larger questions of historical method involved. To the ordinary historian there is an implicit dualism between history as it is lived and history as it is understood. Man acts in the present, but his actions can only be understood when they are past. Consequences felt or foreseen, for the historian, are always different from consequences realized; and it is only as we have knowledge of consequences realized that we truly know what has happened. A treatment of anything else is so much literary sauce added to increase zest rather than understanding. The historian conceives of himself, therefore, in double and separate roles. As a literary artist, his task is to make plausible to us why men wish to act as they do, to reconquer the specific occasions impelling them to action, and to concretize the thrill, the horror, and hope which shadow their immediate experience. As a scientist, his task is to explain the disparity between what men intend and what they really accomplish, to discover the controlling conditions of mass behavior, and to trace the interplay of chance and law in crucial events.

Trotsky, however, is no ordinary historian. The dualism between history as the occasion of experience and history as the object of reflection disappears in the crowded pages of this book. The reader feels he is living history in all its dimensions of glory and pain, and understanding it, too. Aside from Trotsky's literary genius there are two reasons which account for his skill in blending the narrative records of events within the perspective of causal exposition. First, he was one of the chief participants in the dramatic situations he describes (a fact rapidly being forgotten in the latter-day strife of factions). Historical figures come to life under his incisive characterization because he knew them at first hand, or at the very least, the social *milieu* which gave content to their motives and direction to their ideals. Second, he was schooled in the tradition of Marxist analysis which sees beneath the surface-stream of political change the struggle of social classes for state power.

Significantly enough, it is as a Marxist historian that Trotsky achieves his greatest triumph. For he undertakes to solve, in accordance with the Marxist hypothesis, the problem which had baffled most of the super-orthodox Marxists in Western Europe, viz., how it was possible for an economically and culturally backward country like Russia "to be the *first* to place the proletariat in power." This was more than an academic question. The chief argument of the Mensheviks and the German Social-Democrats against the proletarian dictatorship was that, since the economic presuppositions of socialism were lacking in Russia, only a democratic bourgeois revolution was in order. Even members of Lenin's own party, notably Rykov, pleaded in the same strain. And most amusing of all, the very Social-Revolutionists and Cadets who had always been bitter opponents of the Marxist philosophy turned around and vehemently reproached the Bolsheviks for being "bad Marxists." Indeed, they even quoted Marx to the effect that France would give the signal for the social revolution and Germany would complete it.

(*Continued on next page*)

* The History of the Russian Revolution. Vol. I. The Overthrow of Tzarism. By Leon Trotsky. Translated from the original by Max Eastman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $4.

Attorney for the Damned

STORY OF MY LIFE. By CLARENCE DARROW. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by LINCOLN STEFFENS

THAT man Darrow—the hunched up, dark, strange figure that has skulked around in the background of all our lives for decades—the attorney for the damned, the orator of the minority, who stalked out in front, now and then, on the wrong side, always—the Clarence Darrow nobody knows so curiously has written at last his own troubled life and philosophy; and it appears, as might have been expected, that he, the insider—Darrow—doesn't understand Darrow either; a life which is exhilarating. His contemporaries will close the book with a laugh or a chuckle, at least: "We told you so." He throws some light, he gathers some light. He tells some radiant facts about himself and about the great scenes he played his puzzling first part in. He calls it "The Story of My Life"; a more descriptive title would have been, "My Story of the Life." There is stuff in it for history, and for plays, for poems, novels, and for scientific research, especially in psychology and politics, but as a work of art it should be read aloud by the author himself. It is written or dictated as he speaks. Those who have seen him in court or on the platform will have the same old sense and sight, which others may miss, of the powerful orator hulking his way slowly, thoughtfully, extemporizing, through his long broken story, hands in pocket, head down and eyes up, wondering what it is all about, to the inevitable conclusion which he throws off with a toss of his shrugging shoulders: "I don't know— We don't know— Not enough to kill or even to judge one another."

And as for life—clinging to it desperately—he repeats what he has so often and so publicly argued, that it is not worth living.

> Had I known about life in advance, I most likely would have declined the adventure. At least, that is the way I

This Week

"BLACK ELK SPEAKS."
Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL.

"THE DOUBLE HEART."
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.

"THE GETTING OF WISDOM."
Reviewed by CAROLINE RUUTZ-REES

"FENIMORE COOPER."
Reviewed by RANDALL STEWART.

"ENCHANTED WOODS."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"JAPAN."
Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"FOCH, THE MAN OF ORLEANS."
Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

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feel about it now. There are times when I feel otherwise. But, on the whole, I believe that life is not worth living.

This from the first chapter, and at the end of the last chapter, he contemplates happily going to bed, to read, to rest, to sleep, and then "I would like to go to Europe, just once more. . . . In the spring. . . . Yes, I may go again. . . . I may . . ." And, as ever, he is laughing at himself, through the tears in his eyes.

What Darrow does not realize sufficiently about himself is the degree and the direction of his imagination. Supersensitive, he could not save his mind by reading or writing. He saw and felt so personally the raw facts about him that his imagination was earthbound; he suffered so much, now, here, that there was no escape for him to a heaven beyond.

> I was strong and healthy [he says]. I seemed to have a good mind. . . . I really had a rather good education, and I had a strongly emotional nature which has caused me boundless joys and infinite pain. . . . Not only could I put myself in the other person's place, I could not avoid doing so.

Friends of his have seen him shrink and try to throw off the imagined agony of people he only heard of, and his next statement is hopelessly, literally true.

> My sympathies always went out to the weak, the suffering, the poor. Realizing their sorrows, I tried to relieve them in order that I might be relieved. I had a thoroughly independent, perhaps individual, way of looking at things, and I had little respect for the opinion of the crowd. My instinct was to doubt the majority.

This sounds like self-knowledge, but the truth is comparative. Darrow was so much more sensitive than his fellows that he could not fully measure himself. He says he had imagination; he knew others had less; but he did not know how much less. Since he could reach and find the emotions of enough of the jury to hang it and save a defendant, he seems not to realize that most people cannot see and feel of themselves; not as he saw and felt. Not as a poet or a creative scientist sees and feels through. That, the common failure of gifted men, accounts in part for their bitterness, cynicism, melancholy. And what their contemporaries do not realize—what Darrow's friends have not all realized—is that Darrow, the actor-humorist, the almost unscrupulous pleader, the sceptical thinker, was utterly, tragically sincere. His book may add that to one's sense of his character.

He inherited this vision of the senses, apparently. He was born of "rebel stock" in Kinsman, Ohio, seventy-five years ago.

> My father was a visionary and a dreamer. Even when he sorely needed money, he would neglect his work to read some book. My mother was more efficient and practical. She was the one who saved the family from dire want. She kept abreast of the thought of her day. . . . Both she and my father were friends of all oppressed people, and of every new and human and despised cause and ism.

The father had been educated at a theological seminary, but he would not, could not go on in any church. He made furniture and coffins. "Neither of my parents held any of the dogmatic religious views. They were both readers of Jefferson, Voltaire, Paine. . . . Our family learned to live alone. My father was the village infidel and gradually came to glory in his reputation."

That's Darrow himself, of course. He had vanity, as he says; he gloried in being different, learning from childhood to like it. All his life he thought and talked about, and he resisted, religion, tyranny, majorities, even the law which he practised. Lawyers will testify that Clarence Darrow was a "good lawyer," no mere attorney-at-law, but a scholarly student who knows the law; like a clergyman who is also a theologian. In this sense the law is a danger to the mind of a man and many lawyers are as priests of the law. Not Darrow. He is one of the few lawyers whose minds survived legal training, and his story shows why. He read science, looking for the unknown truth, and, in the practice of his profession, he was always using the law without awe as an instrument or a weapon with which to win, not justice, but life or liberty for some victim of the law, which, being old-dogmatic, does not recognize sickness, weakness, or economic and social pressure.

This began at home. In a houseful of books and readers of books, he might have become a writer as well as the reader he has been all his life. He loves to read aloud and anyone who has heard him read knows that he brings out the beauty and the picture of the thing he is reading. But Darrow's imagination was not satisfied to take the formed stuff of writers and so save himself the pain of actuality. His mind's eyes saw into the facts and faces about him; he read them, too, and he remembered and felt them like a book. He had insight. He could talk, and on his feet he could express, with the artist's delight or sorrow, the story in a situation, as he got it. And he got it.

A scientific research worker, who is an expert psychiatrist, once exclaimed that Darrow was the only attorney he knew who saw clear through to the psychology of a case or of a defendant. It is doubtful that Darrow knew this definitely. All he shows in his book that he knows is that the case was clear to him and painful. His chapters on the Loeb-Leopold case are an illustration.

> My (closing) address was a plain straightforward statement of the facts, and I meant to apply such knowledge as we have of the motives that move men. . . . In the case of these two boys, every motive that moves ordinary mortals to action was absent. There was no motive of hatred or even dislike against the unfortunate boy (they killed). No motive for getting money in the foolish plot. The whole performance was childish and silly and proved of itself decided abnormal mentality. . . . The lives of Loeb and Leopold were saved. But there was nothing before them, to the end, but stark, blank stone walls.

Darrow suffered more than the boys did; he always seemed to realize and go through himself personally what his client had gone through and might go through. It was always too manifest to him what the matter was, and it was never a matter of law. He was never a lawyer. He chose that profession under the inspiration, not of the law and lawyers, but of the oratory which was not very inspiring in the small community when he grew up and went as a boy to the courts. He felt he could do that; he could make speeches. He saw through his schooling. The pupils were taught not to think, but to know. "The teachers were employed to teach the truth and the most important truth concerned the salvation of their soul." He enjoyed baseball. He talks even now like a fan about the game. "I did get something in zoölogy that remained," and geology. He caught "a glimpse of the wonders of science" which grew upon him. The panic of 1873 stopped his schooling. He taught, "and during my teaching days I began the study of the law." . . . "No doubt I was attracted by the show. . . . I liked debating. . . . Spoke pieces." Admitted to the bar, he began his practice at home, moved soon to Chicago, and became in a few years a corporation lawyer, a general attorney for the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

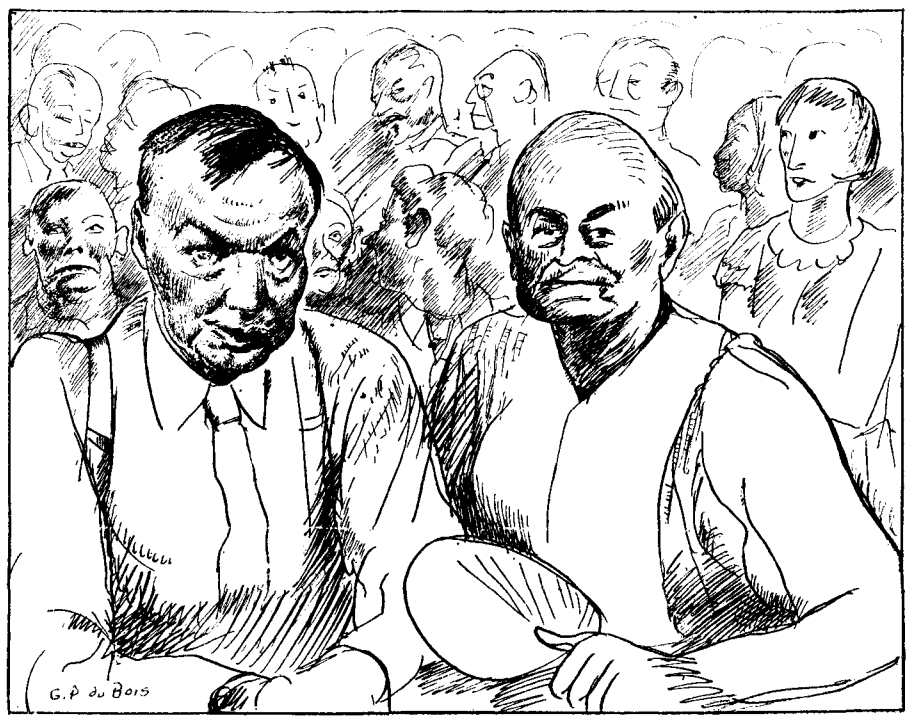
And there came the crisis wherein he found himself. He disliked the position. "It was hard to take the side of the railroad against one who had been injured." He and the claims agent, "who felt the same, were able to help many people without serious cost to the road." And, then—

"It was during my services for the Chicago and Northwestern that the strike of the American Railway Union occurred in 1894," the great Debs strike which President Cleveland met with a call of troops over the protests of the Governor of Illinois. "I found that I had been placed on a committee of all the roads to assist in the management of the strike." The orator's expressive face, a pause, a hunch of his shoulders, are needed here to say that Darrow found himself off-side, and had to cross over to where he belonged. Some turning point like this, when a man has to choose, rises in all our lives, and Darrow's account of his struggle is typical, plain but illuminating; except that he went where his nature wanted to go. "I really wanted the man to win. . . . This had for years been my attitude." The corporation attorney was not under any illusion; he saw the excuses to stay where he was and go on making a career.

> I had no feeling that the members of the labor union were better than their employers. I know that, like other men, they were often selfish and unreasonable, but I believed that the distribution of wealth was unjust and I sympathized with all efforts to get higher wages and to improve general conditions for the masses.

He went out and saw the fighting, watched the destruction of property by fire and violence. He might have stood for law and order, like President Cleveland at the time, like the many others all the time, but Darrow saw and says that it was war and that he was on the wrong side till Debs and labor called him into their case. Darrow counted the cost; he seems always to have counted the cost; but he became one of the attorneys for Debs, and after that he was the attorney for labor, "a criminal lawyer," and the orator and debater for most of the other errors and losing causes that so annoy respectable people. More important for the other kind of people is it to note that this poet thereafter was happy. He thinks and often he says that he is unhappy, but he evidently enjoyed even his unhappiness. Anyway, the reader of his story can see that Darrow has found himself and his job, which is success.

Everybody who has failed in life should read Darrow's sad tale of his triumphant career, with a smile ready for every one of his ready tears, a tear for his sneers, and so see what Darrow says he does not see, that his life is worth living, the reader's and Darrow's. And then some other poet should take this book as a source and tell the story of Darrow as a hero. That's what he is and that's what the villain tries to conceal, a tragic hero for the modern American comedy.



DARROW AND BRYAN.
Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Guy Pène du Bois.

An Epic of Revolution

(*Continued from preceding page*)

All of these groups had fallen a victim to a mechanical theory of social development which in essence was indistinguishable from fatalism.

In attempting to show why Russia was the first country in which the proletariat took power, Trotsky rejects two interpretations of Russian history which oversimplify in opposite directions. The first regards Russian society as so peculiar and unique in cultural tradition, social struggle, and political history that it falls outside the scope of generalizations valid for Western Europe. There could then be no discussion as to whether Russia had skipped any stage of development. For the whole theory of universal social evolution, taken as the basic premise, did not apply. The second interpretation maintained that the common notion of Russian backwardness and slow growth was a legend, and that Russia was consequently ripe for a working-class revolution in 1917. Trotsky admits the striking peculiarities of Russian material culture but insists upon the profound influence which Western Europe exerted on its development. Russia, to be sure, always lagged behind more progressive countries. Nevertheless, in accordance with a well-known principle of cultural diffusion it was able to take over the most advanced features of Western industrial economy. Whenever we have backwardness at the base of the social pyramid and hypertrophic activity at its tip, there we are confronted with what Trotsky calls "the law of combined development." Russia, as a land in which the archaic and ultra-modern existed side by side, torn by conflicting traditions, and separated by ... ferent national allegiances, is a cla... lustration of this law.

Russia was always subject to ... from the West. But with the de... of capitalism, which is inter... outlook and investment, th... became more intense. The ... wardness of Russian industry ... the borrowing of the very latest ... technique from Europe. Russian ... did not have to overcome the o... created by the technicological progre... earlier centuries. Where the West ha... scrap and renew, Russia could m... fresh start. And when she starte... started with giant steps. By the tw... century, although still predom... agricultural, Russia boasted a lar... industry which in every respect w... tively more concentrated than th... try of any other power. The en... concentration of industry produc... the one hand, a small bourgeoisie d... in tow by foreign capital, and a thor... ly class-conscious proletariat. The ... consciousness of the Russian wo... explained by the psychological co... of the law of combined developm...

> In Russia the proletariat did gradually through the ages, with itself the burden of the England, but in leaps involv changes of environment, ties, and a sharp break with the just this fact—combined with centrated oppressions of Czari... made the Russian workers hosp... to the boldest conclusions of revo... tionary thought—just as the backwa... industries were hospitable to the la... word in capitalist organization.

We now have a key to the relation of class forces. Although hampered by the Czarist autocracy, the Russian bourgeoisie could not lead a revolution against it. For alone, it was too weak. Nor could it find support in other classes. An alliance with the proletariat which regarded the bourgeoisie as its class enemy and was not over-nice in distinguishing it from the autocracy, was out of the question. An alliance with the peasantry was rendered impossible because the interlocking char-

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acter of the banking, industrial, and large agrarian interests made the bourgeoisie hostile to the peasant's land hunger. Of the Russian bourgeoisie Trotsky appropriately writes, "Whereas in the dawn of history it was too unripe to accomplish a Reformation, when the time came for leading a revolution it was overripe." Its only ally was international capitalism. That is one of the reasons it set such store on continuing the war.

The development of events from the overthrow of Czarism to the July days,

LEON TROTSKY

with which the first volume of Trotsky's History deals, becomes clear against this background of class relations. The Czar had been overthrown by the revolutionary action of workers and peasants (soldiers). But the socialist leaders, who enjoyed the confidence of the masses, immediately proceeded to hand the state power over to the bourgeoisie. Their doctrinaire excuse was that the February revolution was really a bourgeois revolution even though the bourgeoisie did not know it and had not fought for it. The liberal bourgeoisie, literally frightened into taking over the government, was quite aware of its isolation within Russia. It consequently sought to restore to power that class least hostile to its own interests —the monarchy. Miliukov's attempt to establish a constitutional monarchy failed because none of the members of the dynasty cared to slip their heads into a greased noose. Some other way had to be found to guard against the threatening demands of the masses for peace, land, and bread. There was no other alternative than the prolongation of the war. Continued prosecution of the war—even if it did not eventuate in victory—was certain to exhaust the energies of the revolution, and permit the bourgeoisie under cover of national necessity and chauvinistic ideology to build up defenses against the enemy within. As was proven by the subsequent attempt of Miliukov to induce the German emperor to put down the October revolution, the Russian bourgeoisie had less to fear from a German victory than from a defeat at the hands of the working class. That is why, as Trotsky trenchantly observes, having failed to use the revolution for purposes of the war, the liberals, abetted by near-sighted socialist doctrinaires, attempted to use the war against the revolution. This was the road which led them to a common ruin.

Of itself the plan to continue the war would not have spelled ruin for the bourgeoisie, had it not been for the existence of the party of Lenin. Trotsky offers a penetrating sociological analysis of the role played by political parties in a social crisis. In emphasizing the interaction between class-*consciousness* and the economic *conditions* of which classes are an ultimate function, he steers clear of the puerilities of a narrow economic determination without grounding on the shallows of eclecticism or idealism. History is not the record of the automatic operation of economic factors but of the activity of classes whose consciousness reflects other influences as well. Political parties acquire a commanding influence in a revolutionary situation not merely by their knowledge of the economic terrain (although this is important) but by their ability to foresee the swift changes in mass consciousness and to deploy them to immediate advantage. Ideas, habits, and traditions acquired before the crisis still count, and must therefore be reckoned with. It is the day by day slogans which initiate events, not economic conditions. Without the existence of the Bolshevik party to proclaim objectives, consolidate gains, and channel the surging temper of the masses against hateful principles and personalities, the revolution would not have occurred in October. The Bolshevik party, which Plechanov attempted to read out of the Marxist camp, was the leading spirit of the Russian masses from April on, precisely because it took its Marxism not as an excuse for supine acceptance but as a guide to action.

Trotsky presents an even more brilliant illustration of the same dialectical approach in his analysis of the role of personality in history. How easy it is to yield to the literary temptation of writing history in terms of great and small personalities! For at the very least, it is sure to make a good story. And conversely, how easy it is to ignore the historical force of dominant personalities as is often done in the pseudo-scientific treatises that pretend to be ultra-scientific. Both of these complementary errors are ways of economizing thought for the sake of simplicity. The real difficulty is to distinguish between individuals who exercise an historical influence in relative independence of other factors, and individuals who catch a transient flash from the sparks thrown off in class friction. Trotsky essays to do this by taking the banner-bearers of the different classes—Nicholas II, Kerensky, Lenin—in their respective social contexts. The acid question he asks is whether the course of events would have been different had these men not been on the scene.

In the course of his incisive character analysis of Nicholas II, Trotsky draws a happy comparison between the behavior of the last of the Romanoffs and that of both Louis XVI and Charles I. He shows that despite their varied personal idiom and tradition, the general response they made to the situation which threatened their power, was the same. And Trotsky seeks the cause for this uniform pattern of response in similar social conflicts which forced them into the policy of half-hearted fussiness, and disaster. It is unlikely that any human being in their place—no matter what his stature—could have staved off the destruction which attends all attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable. At such moments, the individual does not make events; events make or break him. Trotsky summarizes his position in a graphic image:

> Similar (of course far from identical) irritations in similar conditions call out similar reflexes; the more powerful the irritation, the sooner it overcomes personal peculiarities. To a tickle, people react differently, but to a red-hot iron, alike. As a steam-hammer converts a sphere and a cube alike into sheet metal, so under the blow of too great and inexorable events resistances are smashed and the boundaries of "individuality" lost.

With respect to Lenin the casual determinism, although present, is not so clearly discernible. It is no exaggeration to say that Lenin is the hero of Trotsky's book (of himself he speaks with admirable restraint). But to acknowledge Lenin's heroic quality is already to admit the historical significance of his thought and action. If so, the question presses: "How would the revolution have developed if Lenin had not reached Russia in April, 1917?" If Lenin had not arrived (by accident!) to change the line of the party, would the Bolsheviks have taken power in October? The fact that the question does not permit of an absolutely unequivocal answer is no reason for refusing to face it. Trotsky intimates (he is strangely circumlocutory here) that without Lenin the Russian Revolution would not have occurred *when* it did. How can this be denied without calling Lenin's greatness into question? For to see what he saw as early as February, and even before, to retreat and advance as he did in the stormy months of October, one would have to be another Lenin And as great. Nonetheless, Trotsky points out that Lenin was only one mighty link in the chain of circumstances which brought the proletariat to power. He did not create the conflict of class forces which gave him the opportunities of greatness but was himself a part of that conflict. If the Russian masses without Lenin would not have triumphed when they did, Lenin, without the Russian masses, their experience, courage, and faith would not have been the leader he was.

This suggests the one serious weakness of Trotsky's book—an improper evaluation of the relation between Lenin and the party. In the chapter on the "Rearming of the Party," Lenin is pictured not only as dwarfing Kamenev, Tomsky, Stalin, Rykov, and other leaders, but the entire party as well. It is true that during the April days the general staff of the Bolshevik party was tardy in adopting Lenin's thesis which called for an immediate transition to the dictatorship of the proletariat. But the rapidity with which the party was won over to Lenin's position, the iron discipline and yet independent initiative of its rank and file, the freedom of criticism which prevailed even at crucial moments indicates that there was a greater organic unity between Lenin and the Bolshevik party than Trotsky admits. Lenin's strength was a reflection of the strength of the party. He was its spearhead. It was his shaft. Had Trotsky written in 1920 the confusion of the April days would not have loomed so large in his eyes as it did, for obvious political reasons, in 1930. It should also be borne in mind that Trotsky did not officially join the Bolsheviki until July, 1917. This in no way detracts from his greatness. The laurels of Lenin's confidence, won by Trotsky in revolution and civil war, will always be green.

Sidney Hook, who is professor of philosophy in New York University, is an authority on Marxism.

A Maladjusted Soul

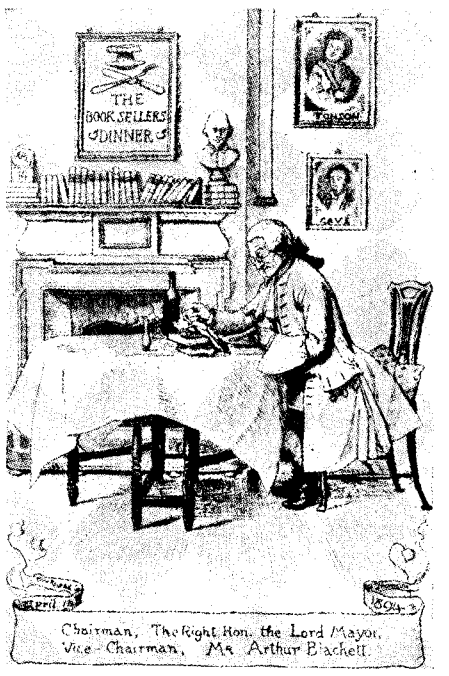
BLACK ELK SPEAKS, Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Ogalala Sioux. As Told to JOHN G. NEIHARDT. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $3.75.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

MR. NEIHARDT has here attained fruition of his genius as a writer on the Old West. As everyone who has followed his career knows, he began by celebrating the exploits of early white frontiersmen, adding his chanting voice to that loud chorus of patriotic propaganda which has glorified the American frontiersmen ever since John Charles Frémont—for political reasons—and Buffalo Bill—for commercial ones—first started the great Western ballyhoo and made it a paying racket. Theodore Roosevelt rode that mechanical bronc into the White House, and hundreds of writers besides Mr. Neihardt have found it an indefatigable and profitable mount. For this role of frontier laureate Mr. Neihardt was admirably fitted by his somewhat sentimental character, his love of rhetoric, and a positive gift of hero-worship. Yet with all these handicaps he has a genuine love of the Western scene, his roots are in its soil. And so, like most others with similar passions who have given close attention to Western history, he gradually came to see that his great heroes were only sham, imitation Indians, that they were, after all, ignorant and intolerant immigrants and aliens, who gained their fame by aping the dress and manners of the Red man (long hair, fringes, ferocity, and all). Indeed, it was the very inferiority of the European in America which created all the adventures, since (as Vilhjalmur Stefansson has pointed out) competent explorers have no adventures.

Reluctantly, we may suppose, Mr. Neihardt has abandoned his white heroes, and in his "Song of the Indian Wars" turned definitely to the one genuine and significant figure on the frontier—the American Indian. That his conversion has been absolute is shown by his later work; he has made his confession, and "Black Elk Speaks" is his penance. For in this book he almost completely submerges himself, his rhetoric, his pumped-up sentiment, and allows the Indian to speak for himself.

Apparently the gods smiled upon Mr. Neihardt's change of heart, for they sent him to an Indian who is, like himself, a dreamer. The book is taken up with the visions and ceremonies, the dreams and dances of a Sioux shaman. Dramatic and historic scenes occur, but they are overshadowed by the visionary world, the reader feels them as intrusions. Some of the chapters—such as that describing the Horse Dance—are unique in American writing. The book is of great psychological and pathological interest; as nowhere else can one see the frightful domination of fear, or terror, over a Sioux who was not adapted to the warlike culture of his people. Black Elk was afraid of everything and everybody, and his overwrought imagination made him a dreamer and a seer. No such document as to the place of fear in primitive culture has ever been offered the public in English, and the manner in which Black Elk wrestles with and tries to overcome his great enemy is a touching thing. This is the record of a man who was a misfit and a maladjusted soul, but who never dreamed of claiming any exemption or special consideration because he was so. The daring deeds of Mr. Neihardt's earlier heroes look pallid beside the unflinching heroism of this terrified savage. The book is interestingly illustrated by pictographs in color made by Standing Bear.



A DRAWING FROM "HUGH THOMPSON," BY M. H. STIELMAN AND WALTER JERROLD (MACMILLAN)

Depression Literature

(*Continued from page 549*)

the Russian excitement dies when it reaches the West because for all its promise of a new and great society it is too naive in its confident materialism, even for America. A backward nation throws off the superstitions of a backward church and the ineptitude of a medieval monarchy, and adopts with a passion of optimism the mechanical devices which, in the nineteenth century, made Europe and America also see in the ages one increasing story run of the perfectibility of man through food and comfort and education for all. We shall never in America renew our enthusiasms that way, although applied science will continue to be our guide and we may learn as much from Russia in national organization as Russia has learned from us in the conquest of nature.

Our depression literature is likely for some time yet to be "literature" in the broad modern sense—scientific, informative, critical writing. And literature in its narrower sense, literature which stirs the emotions and fires the imagination until a man feels as well as knows, will continue to be fiction and drama, lyric and essay, not epic and tragedy and satire. Western civilization at the moment is, as a mass, inert mentally, although in tiny whirls of feverish activity it supports the most intense scientific cerebration of recorded history. From these fiery particles emotion, and with it a new literature, a real literature resulting from a spiritual conflict, may be born.

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Julie de Lespinasse

THE DOUBLE HEART. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS study of Julie de Lespinasse is unspotted by spade-work in the boggy fields of research; it moves airily with no learned notes to clog its feet; it is unburdened even by the light luggage of an index, and its small bibliography is only an ornamental pendant. But it must not be confused with those swarming biographies of which Oscar Wilde saw only a faint foreshadowing when he wrote: "Formerly we used to canonize our heroes. The modern method is to vulgarize them. Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable."

In the growing company of those cheap editions "The Double Heart" has no place. It is not a work of vulgarisation, but, by intention, a work of art which takes the work of scholarship for granted. The book with which it challenges immediate comparison is Geoffrey Scott's "The Portrait of Zélide." Miss Royde-Smith has profited by the labors of the Marquis de Ségur and the Comte de Villeneuve-Guibert just as Scott profited by those of Professor Phillipe Godet. Like him she has sought to paint a portrait that will be critical as well as psychologically expressive; and to say that she has neither surpassed Scott, nor yet quite equalled him, is to say nothing harsh, for "The Portrait of Zélide" is almost perfect of its kind. Style apart, I think, she has fallen somewhat short of Scott in several activities: in organization of material, in psychological penetration, and in reanimation of character. But comparison must be thrust aside and the book judged, so far as possible, on its intrinsic merits.

As to organization:—Julie Jeanne Eléanore de Lespinasse, who was the illegitimate daughter of the Comtesse d'Albon, the companion of Madame du Deffand and the prize exhibit of her salon, the complaisant object of d'Alembert's dogged affection, and herself the hysterical lover of Mora and Guibert; this woman who, unaided by birth or wealth or beauty, triumphed in the world of the Paris salons, was the victim of strange emotional complications that are baffling to the biographer who seeks to explain them as the springs of action. But her actions themselves form a pattern no more complicated than many another which has been spread out plain, in chronological order, for the inspection of inquiring readers; so I see no reason why Miss Royde-Smith should have simplified her own task, and increased the burden upon her readers, by evading the chronological sequence. The strands of Julie de Lespinasse's life were tightly intertwisted: her biographer untwists them and follows each singly to its conclusion. Her book splits with the strands. So we have a part devoted to Julie and Madame du Deffand, another to Julie and Mora, another to Julie and Guibert, and yet another to Julie and d'Alembert. The result is that our heroine is made to die thrice in the course of the narrative. Having followed her each time to the end of her earthly journey, the reader is told to turn back and start again. Each time he views her in relation to a different person; but as several of these relationships were simultaneous in time it is unfortunate that they should be so separated in the record. Miss Royde-Smith's arrangement has, according to the English reviews quoted on the American jacket of her book, excited critical admiration; but I am convinced that nothing has been gained by it, and much lost. It would have been more difficult to keep all the balls in the air at once, but it would have been worth the trouble.

As to psychological penetration:—Despite the biographer's best efforts, we are left to view her central character from without. No society, as Miss Royde-Smith justly says, has left fuller records of itself than has the one in which Julie de Lespinasse lived. We can accurately refurnish the salons of Madame du Deffand and her protégée piece by piece; we know who frequented those salons, how they looked, what they said, what they ate and drank, what they wore, and much of what they thought. We know that at one time Julie possessed thirty-nine pairs of gloves, fourteen corsets, and twenty pairs of shoes. But all these things are external, and it is the internal truth regarding a woman's mind, character, motives, and emotions that the biographer is seeking. And, like those who have preceded her, she is balked. She can tell us, with some guesses, what Julie did and what she wrote (and heavens, how she wrote!), but not why. The Lespinasse mystery still lies hid within its hard central core. What manner of woman she really was, driven by what strange inner compulsions, we do not know. With d'Alembert the biographer succeeds better, or at least gives the appearance of greater success: she convinces us that she has penetrated the heart of his feeling for Julie, with the result that the fourth part is the best portion of the book.

And that brings us to the other characters of the drama. They are unequally realized. Madame du Deffand is vigorously alive, but no writer has ever succeeded in suppressing her. Mora is a shadow, and Guibert little more. The author's amusement at the latter gives him a certain vitality; but his behavior is unexplained. Madame Geoffrin, who surely should be fully drawn in any account of Julie, is seen only vaguely in fleeting glimpses. But enough of adverse criticism. It has been made only because the book is worthy of being judged by the highest standards. What remains to be said is that it is fascinating throughout, and charmingly and effectively written. If Miss Royde-Smith has not pierced the core of the Lespinasse mystery, she has translated that mystery into delightful literature.

A Girl at School

THE GETTING OF WISDOM. By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by CAROLINE RUUTZ-REES

IT needs a sound sense of psychology in this day and generation, after Freud and Jung and Stanley Hall have spoken, to set forth the adventures of an adolescent girl. But Henry Handel Richardson avoids all the pitfalls of that science in telling the tale of Laura Tweedle Rambotham from her thirteenth to her seventeenth year at home and at school.

Laura was rebellious and troublesome at home. That separation between mother and daughter which nature seems to ordain during adolescence, or part of it, began very early with Laura. It was precipitated by the passion for conformity which besets the children of gifted and original mothers.

Suppressed artistic sensibilities in Mrs. Rambotham flamed out in choice of bright colors to clothe her children, at a period when garments of sober tones were the rule. "All her short life long, Laura had suffered under a home-made, picturesque style of dress." It needed not the jibes of her schoolfellows to drive the iron into her soul. She had all a child's pride, all a child's love of showing off, all a child's pertness,—qualities subdued with time to the longing to be "in it," to be liked, that made her a "footlicker" even when inwardly tortured by the unkindness of schoolfellows, the cruel discipline of being "sent to Coventry." She had the schoolgirl's passionate concern with her own feelings, the schoolgirl's anguish of suffering about matters which to grown-ups seem trivial. Yet, to external view, she was merely a "quiet, little mouse of a girl."

The type is easy to recognize, for young human nature has not changed since Laura's day, when mustaches, button boots, light pink satin bodices, laced-in waists, "high collared young dudes," were the vogue. In that matter, America today is as Laura's Australia in the 'eighties.

But Laura was more than a type of the eternal child, the eternal schoolgirl. She belonged to the smaller group of the specially gifted. Hers was the endowment of the born creative writer, the intellectual and the artist combined. Laura's "thinking was done mainly in pictures." She had a passionate observant interest in human emotions, in human drama, and could follow the hideous progress of a public expulsion with an eagerness which caused her to be "shot through by an ecstatic quiver, such as she had felt once only in her life before; and that was when a beautiful, golden-haired Hamlet fell dead by Laertes's sword, to the rousing plaudits of the house."

This observant eagerness was, if not sympathetic, at least comprehending; in fact Laura extracted from the occasion "an unseemly amount of amusement" for which she despised herself. "Had her feelings found words," her creator tells us, "they would have taken the form of an entreaty that she might be preserved from having thoughts that were different from other people's."

With all her endowment of mind and imagination, Laura, as so often happens with children of the Muses, lacked in youth those gifts of the Graces that enhance the charms of sex. More than one humorous and acute page sets forth her difficulties under the male appraising eye and ear. There is an inimitable passage describing Laura's futile attempt at conversation with a youthful cricketer. It came to a dismal conclusion!

> She was branded, as it was, for not having a single string to her bow. Now, it had become plain to her that she could never hope for one; for, when it came to holding a boy's attention for five brief minutes, she could be put in the shade by a child of eight years old.

Whatever it was that handicapped her in matters of sex, it was her special gifts that led to the two crimes of Laura's life at school. Her own account of her, actually shy and silent, visit at the house of an adored clergyman was transmuted by her imaginative powers into even lurid adventure and Laura continued the tale of it to herself even when her "lie" had been found out. But the reader must find those delicious pages for himself. He must turn, too, to those others where he will discover a Laura as real and as engaging, those that relate her second crime, when Oliver Cromwell's foreign policy proved too much for her knowledge, her conscience, and her religion.

A passionate friendship for an older girl, an adoring, jealous, possessive sentiment, put an end to all Laura's unhappiness at school. The beloved one, pretty, charming, half-free already of school shackles, admired already by "a real man—not a boy—with a drooping, fair mustache, a single eyeglass in one eye, and a camellia-bud in his buttonhole," responded to Laura's worship with a gentle, tolerant tenderness that soothed all the sore misery, even while it revealed a heart set on marriage and not to be held fast by a schoolgirl adoration.

Laura, as Hugh Walpole remarked of the author's other characters, is so alive that she will never leave you again, but she is not the only acquaintance for all time contained in the book. The sainted clergyman, so querulous at home; the cruel little brutes of girls, quite unaware of cruelty; the prig, M. P. so admirable, so unimaginative; lovely Maria, who could twist the French master round her little finger; Evelyn with that "careless, happy, laughing sunniness, that was as grateful to those who came into touch with it as a rare ointment is grateful to the skin";—all of them are as true now as then. True now as then, moreover, is the interest, so uninformed, so grotesquely imaginative, of the younger girls in sex in itself, and the concern of the older in admirers and that goal of marriage to which they all looked forward as to paradise.

But if human nature has not changed, schools most assuredly have, and teachers and the selection of these. Such a school as Laura's would be impossible now. Time, bringing the new psychology, has changed all that. The rest of the *decor* of Laura's youth is familiar to us by tradition—as the background of people we have at least seen in their older years; but the school and its teachers are as unfamiliar to modern eyes as Dotheboy's Hall. And yet, not so long ago its counterparts were to be found in this country as elsewhere. Sham, suppression, prudery, petty tyranny, and browbeating and, in the case of serious offenders, a severity akin to cruelty, needed the breath of the new century to blow them away. The very counterpart of the expulsion scene in the book, a classic in its way, could take place in an American school in the 'nineties; it could not happen now. The whispering, the mummery about sex among the younger girls—who shall say it has quite disappeared? But its worst manifestations have gone the way of prudery; for of no human weakness can it more truly be said that "the truth shall make you free." That concern of the upper Forms with admirers and love to come—it is there (and indeed who would wish it quite away), but energy and love of excitement now find other channels provided for outlet.

The free winds of science and of understanding have blown through our schoolrooms and cleansed them of presumptuous folly; but Laura's creator has done a service to education in showing how recent is that purification. And that is but one element of interest among many in this lucid and engaging tale.

Miss Ruutz-Rees is the headmistress of Rosemary Hall, one of the most outstanding of the private schools for girls in the United States.

"Crabbe," says a writer in *John o' London's Weekly*, "had something in common with the Masefield of our own day. Both attracted attention by their realism—Crabbe by the power of his Village, a reply to the idyllic romanticism of Goldsmith, and Masefield by the ruthlessness of The Everlasting Mercy, which was really a reaction against the esthetic movement. Both of them saw only the darker side of realism. That is what Byron meant when he described Crabbe as nature's sternest painter, yet the best. Both were moralists, both had tender sympathies, and the work of both of them is filled with the memories of early life. Crabbe, in spite of his yearly incremations, which consumed three novels, a long essay on bontany, and countless poems, was a poor self-critic, and Masefield has not always been infallible in this respect.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By LEON TROTSKY. *Simon & Schuster.*

An epic portrayal of the most cataclysmic upheaval since the French Revolution by a man whose qualifications for its depiction are beyond dispute.

BLACK ELK SPEAKS. By JOHN J. NEIHARDT. *Morrow.*

The autobiography of a Sioux, old enough to recall the days when his race still battled against the white man.

RACKETY RAX. By JOEL SAYRE. *Knopf.*

A rollicking satire on universities and gangsters.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Cooper as a Social Critic

FENIMORE COOPER: Critic of His Times. By ROBERT E. SPILLER. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by RANDALL STEWART
Yale University

LOUNSBURY'S "James Fenimore Cooper," published in 1882, is still the most comprehensive treatment of its subject. Recent critics have shown a tendency to underrate this important volume: one is surprised, for example, when Mr. R. L. Duffus (in the New York *Times Book Review*, October 18, 1931) describes as a "perfunctory biography" this spirited book, written, so obviously, *con amore*. A revival of interest in Cooper is indicated, apparently, by the publication in 1931 of studies by Mr. H. W. Boynton and Mr. Spiller. Mr. Boynton's book affords the most detailed account of Cooper's life and personality that has been written thus far; it is supplementary to, and for the most part, in agreement with, Lounsbury's biography. Mr. Spiller's volume, we are told in the Preface, although biographical in form, is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but a record of the development of Cooper's social criticism—a phase of his work hitherto neglected or inadequately appreciated. Unlike Lounsbury and Boynton, who deprecate Cooper's excursions in the realm of social and political theory as the misdirected efforts of one whose only rightful field was romantic fiction, Mr. Spiller is convinced that the non-fictional writings and the novels dealing with social problems are of genuine significance.

There were three periods in the development of Cooper's views of government and society. In the first period (1789-1826), the example of his father, who supported Hamiltonian doctrines, and his alliance with the De Lancey family were shaping influences. The second period (1826-1833) comprises Cooper's European residence, the relative importance of which may be inferred from the fact that Mr. Spiller devotes more than one-third of his book to these seven years. The focal point of this crucial period was the friendship with Lafayette, who became for Cooper a model of the republican aristocrat. Cooper's role in the Finance Controversy, partly a patriotic defense of America, and his active efforts in behalf of Poland, partly a natural expression of republican sympathies, were also motivated by his loyalty to Lafayette. As a result of his observation of European governments and society, Cooper's attitude toward the American scene became less enthusiastic and more critical. In the third period (1833-1851) in Mr. Spiller's study, Cooper as a critic of America came into conflict with his countrymen.

Quite logically omitting from the present volume any detailed consideration of the works of pure fiction, the author pays particular attention to such books as "The American Democrat," "Home as Found," and the anti-rent novels. The analysis of "The American Democrat" vindicates Mrs. Cooper's prophecy: "The day will come when grave and thinking men . . . will often be led to ask themselves what would Mr. Cooper have thought of these things? and then attention will be turned to his graver, reasoning works, and the American Democrat will take its place among them." "Home as Found," from the point of view of the present study, is "an invaluable social document, if not a successful example of literary art." And in the anti-rent trilogy, Cooper demonstrated greater skill in combining social problems with fiction: "Satanstoe," particularly, Mr. Spiller believes, exemplifies, better than any other work, the "artistic and intellectual worth" of its author.

One or two slight animadversions may be allowed on this scholarly and useful study. The avowed thesis of the book—to trace the evolution of a point of view—is not adhered to with strictness. The detailed description of the houses in Europe where Cooper resided, for example, though interesting in itself, is scarcely relevant. Again, the author, it seems to the present reviewer, allows himself, at least once, to be carried away by enthusiasm. "There are not enough people today," declares Mr. Spiller, "reading Cooper's 'History of the Navy,'" a work, the purpose of which, we are told elsewhere, was "to prove that a large, powerful, and well trained naval force in times of peace is essential to the maintenance of national honor abroad and self-respect at home." Such advice seems of doubtful wisdom at the present juncture in world affairs. These, however, are petty cavils. Mr. Spiller has given us a valid reappraisal of a significant portion of Cooper's writings, placing in their true relations the non-fictional works and the novels which deal with social problems. Moreover, he has demonstrated the permanent significance of Cooper's doctrine of an aristocracy of worth in a materialistic and standardized civilization.

END PIECE FOR "ENCHANTED WOODS."

"So to Transylvania"

ENCHANTED WOODS. By HENRY BAERLEIN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

EITHER the people of Transylvania are a fascinating lot, talking and acting like characters out of "Alice in Wonderland" and philosophizing like those melancholy and humorous angels whom James Stephens occasionally lets loose naked upon the earth, or Henry Baerlein has unconscionably deceived us. "Enchanted Woods" tells the story of a delightfully unprogressive walking trip through Transylvania, which seems to have belonged to Rumania one minute and Hungary the next, but which since the World War has been in a Rumanian incarnation.

The prospective traveller arrives in Saliste to make his start. He goes to question the mayor about ways and means, and the mayor answers with what one comes to recognize as the Transylvanian oblique approach in conversation. "After all, we do not have to be ashamed of ourselves. We dwell in a land that is not very great, this Rumania of ours." Further questions elicit further irrelevant replies. Bucharest, he says, is not in everything to be considered behind London.

> There are some streets in London where it is not safe to go at night. That is so, is it not? And in Bucharest we have a street—you might think yourself in London, in the greatest city of the world. Yes, we are so far behind. If you go down that street in Bucharest when it is dark they will steal the clothes off your body. And if you shout for help they will murder you. Now what do you think of that?

Furthermore, it transpires that the forests of Transylvania produce a large crop of bears. The mayor regrets to add that no one is allowed to shoot them. But he has an extenuating theory in regard to this. "Perhaps the authorities want to make this region the most beary part of Europe, so that the shooting will attract a number of American millionaires." However, he hopes that the traveler may not be "unfortunate" in the matter of being eaten. The mayor's clerk shares this sanguine hope as such an occurrence would result in his being compelled to write he does not know how many papers, "blue ones, white ones, pink ones, they would keep me here a good part of the afternoon."

As a whole, "Enchanted Woods" defies summing up: it is composed of separate felicities. It need not be read in any sequence since almost any page will give as well as any other the particular tang that comes from Transylvania or Mr. Baerlein or both. Opening the book at random, one may come upon Ilarion Droc, the priest who unfrocks himself in order to take a second wife and is reminded under strange circumstances of his fidelity to her, or one may happen upon the genial conductor who stops his crowded bus to exchange long personal reminiscences with a pedestrian recognized as an old war companion while the passengers join in the banter until a lawyer remembers that they must be getting on as he has a legal appointment at the next stop; or one may encounter the librarian who reads aloud from any book the visitor has asked to see, thereby permitting the seeker after information to memorize any passage that may appeal to him.

"Enchanted Woods" cannot be recommended to the specialist in search of statistics, but to the lay reader it will bring intimate acquaintance with a new race of people and enough facts and figures to make Transylvania something more than a not very well defined place on the map. And the proverbs, melancholy and realistic, that crop up everywhere! "Even a thread of hair throws a shadow," "One laughs at another but the Devil laughs at all."

"A Busted Bibliophile," in the preface to a catalogue of the Walden Book Shop, Chicago, says:

"Today, what is there that is worth more than it was in 1926? Try and name something, anything, *other than books*? Securities, commodities, art objects—down, down, down to the 1913 level, or thereabouts. Had I been a shrewder business man, I should have put all of my money in books, in which case I would be better off, and much happier, than is now the case.

"Let him who will rant against bookish speculators. I used to do it myself. Speculation may be wrong, and it probably is, since book collecting is sentimental and should not be commercial; but I imagine it to be a pretty sure path to profit, and certainly much safer than banks or business. I sometimes wish I had been an arrant speculator myself, instead of a timid, cautious collector."

More than £1,027,000 has been awarded since the inauguration of the Nobel prizes, which are given to leading men and women for services to literature, science, and international peace.

Japan and the World

JAPAN. By I. NITOBE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by KENNETH SAUNDERS

THE author of this very timely survey of Japan in Mr. H. A. L. Fisher's series "The Modern World" is well-known as late Assistant Secretary-General of the League of Nations, as author of "Bushido" (which has gone through many editions in many tongues), and as a leading Christian in his own country.

The founder of civilized Japan, Shotoku, he describes as "a patriot by reason of his internationalism and an internationalist by reason of his patriotism." It would serve as a good description of Dr. Nitobe himself—and his book has this for its thesis, that Japan, fitted by long training and owing much to other nations, will play a great part in international affairs. Combining a unique loyalty to the ruling house, it must yet "continue in the march of democracy."

To these ends its religious and moral life are of central importance, and in the brief but adequate "Historical Background" and in a brilliant chapter on "The Thought Life of the Japanese" there is much to help the West to understand this amazing people. Here Dr. Nitobe is at his best, and these chapters will repay very careful reading.

The rest of the book deals with Japan's emergence into the family of nations, and the processes of development in education and politics are well described. On the economic side more use might well have been made of Dr. Takekoshi's fine work, lately published in English in these volumes.

* *

Dr. Nitobe is always a patriot, and usually a fair-minded one. Sometimes his natural bitterness against the United States (whose abrogation of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" led Japan "to question her sanity") warps his judgment. The termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, for example, "looks as though it had been a futile sacrifice made by Great Britain at the altar of the Hearst papers." But Britain has no fondness for Mr. Hearst; the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had outlived its usefulness—especially with Japan, under our author's own brilliant leadership, playing a notable part in the League of Nations.

Nor is he fair to China in accusing her of "pitting one barbarian against another" at the Washington Conference. She won the admiration of all by her tact and patience in undoing the evils of Japanese aggression in her holiest places; and Dr. Nitobe, while he recognizes the efforts of his country for peace, is not quite the objective historian when he describes her advance into Korea and Manchuria. Greatly tempted, they have too often yielded "to unique opportunities for falling into temptation." While one hopes they will assume moral leadership in Asia, they may yet quite easily degenerate into its armed bully—if more "unique opportunities" occur. And they are falling deeply at the moment!

* *

Though nations never confess their sins, yet historians must not degenerate into propagandists. Much better accept the fact that Japan is not yet a unified nation: in spite of amazing loyalty her soldiers and her chauvinists have a way of over-riding her idealists, and we are all ready to sympathize, if we cannot condone.

Though he does confess to "colossal blunders" and to "filibustering," Dr. Nitobe on the whole sees Japan as playing "a drama prepared for her by history." Yet this very useful work, as the editor says, is all the more useful because it "is not exactly the kind of book which an Englishman would have written"—about Japan. Heaven knows we have similar chauvinistic histories of our own!

The Bibliography compiled by Miss Ruth Thompson, the binding, paper, type, and index are all excellent.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

X. STREAMLINE

IT would be misleading to dwell too heavily on any elements of wisdom or anxiety in Richard Roe's thought. Hubbard warned himself against overdramatizing him or lending him spurious sentimental appeal. Roe was no mystic. He was well aware of the world's enormous sinking fund of misery, yet even so it looked to him as though the status quo had high and humorous merits. He would never have presumed to formulate a code, but it might have been simply stated. To get discount for cash, not to argue with women when they tantivy, to wait for the traffic light, to hang up his clothes neatly when going to bed (because it is less trouble in the end). These are small-town virtues, but New York is a great city chiefly because there are so many small-town people in it. These middling qualities in him make the eventual riddle all the harder to understand, and suggest perhaps that life is a non-Euclidean affair. But we have a long way to travel before we approach that.

He was essentially a business man: he liked to see things orderly done. It pleased him to think that, though he had been going up and down his own narrow slot of Manhattan for a good many years, he had rarely witnessed any serious calamity. That is no bad record for a hive of several million promiscuous and mutually repugnant creatures. He had warm professional respect for anyone whose business seemed efficiently conducted. He liked the young night-man at Horn and Hardart's branch bakery because he was courteous and enthusiastic. He experimented with all sorts of bran muffins and loaves of cheese-bread because he liked new ideas. When Richard discovered the apple-squares, a kind of gingerbread that had apple-sauce mixed in the dough, he was elated. He rejoiced in Horn and Hardart's triumphs as though they were his own, and gave some of the cakes to the elevator man who was going to have a baby.

He had no desire for motor cars, and never owned one, but he observed with interest the gradual improvement of their design. One night Lucille and Gladys and Peke took him for a walk. The ladies had been much excited about a raspberry-colored sport coupé slowly revolving on a black and silver turntable in a showroom. It was marked $1,373, and Gladys thought that at last her father was beginning to weaken. He admired its low cut-away shape, the little cabin rounded like an igloo. But all he said was, "You know, civilization is gradually developing streamlines, too. Little by little it's got to shut off unnecessary gadgets and wind-surfaces. Anybody who loafs on his job is just a gadget; so is any job that isn't worth doing. Maybe it's going to shed off people like me." And then he added, "Maybe armies and navies and tariffs are only temporary gadgets." That was bad enough, but it was worse when he said he was relieved he hadn't got the order from the War Department for a huge consignment of fountain pens. He had put in a bid, for he needed the business, but someone else got the order. "I almost think I'm glad," he remarked rashly. "I'd hate to think of a declaration of war being signed with a Roe pen."

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When Peke was not with him, Richard's evening stroll sometimes took him farther afield — down Central Park West and across 59th Street to Fifth Avenue. In those last days there were frequent portents for a business man to ponder. To see a huge apartment-hotel, almost completed and then abandoned, standing dark and decadent, shocked him. That sort of thing sometimes gives ironic or malicious amusement to poets and radicals, but to a frugal trader like Roe it contradicts a fundamental piety. The rusting iron girders of the unfinished door-canopies projected over the pavement like gibbets; on the wooden fence in cracked and soiled glass frames were the floor-plans of luxurious apartments to rent. He examined these sadly: dressing rooms, bathrooms, living-rooms "with a view of the Park," all empty, unfurnished, the glazier's X still on the dusty panes. A dangerous ghost lived in those dark rooms, the wraith of some economic law that men had transgressed. What was that grim veto: Not to Bite Off More than You Can Chew? It is even more vengeful than the imperatives of morals. Other great edifices, whose mortgagees might have been happier if these also had been barricaded empty, were shining with fallacious lights and militant with tall doormen uniformed like parrots. Many lively officers spin the revolving entries of commerce and yet know no more of the meanings within than those hotel militia.

Outside the Plaza still lingered one hansom cab, last of a noble fleet, and Ceres, a country goddess, had strayed into the paved square. Someone had taken away her clothes, and her lovely back must have been a little stiff from stooping forward over her corn-basket. On each side of her terraced fountain were two large stone Horns of Plenty. Richard always had a simple curiosity about such public emblems, supposing that artists are wiser than most of us and must mean something when they do these things. He even climbed up to look into the big cornucopias: they were empty, except for dust and soot. More surprising still, the other end of each great funnel was carved in the shape of a goat. Ignorant of the legend of Amalthea, Richard could only conclude that this animal represented the public. And the whole affair was supported by a patient tortoise, crushed very flat. These symbolisms were almost too painful for an average taxpayer. Sadly he raised his eyes to a handsome office building near by—almost as vacant as the horns of plenty.

Richard rarely saw that fashionable part of Fifth Avenue except at night. Even in the dark it continued to solicit: there were shops as lovely as jewel-cases or tiny chapels, softly glimmering with subdued radiance. In recessed niches, like blessed relics, stood single vials of liquid rouge, skin tonic and freshener, foundation cream or muscle oil. (The pathos of woman's incessant campaign!) There was a toy facsimile of Madame Du Barry's boudoir. "Just look at that; *artistic!*" he heard a lady exclaim to her mute escort as they passed. There were furniture windows as charming as stage-sets. There were furs and underwear; but unlike upper Broadway where each article was labelled and price-ticketed, here it was tacitly assumed that you knew the names of such things and that the price didn't matter. But even here the ghost of outraged Economics was beginning to walk. He saw a glittering cave of "semi-precious jewelry" marked *Any article in this window now* 39c. This shook him badly, for he had trained himself to believe that Fifth Avenue between 42 and 59 was exempt from the crude laws of Supply and Demand. He never in the least resented Fifth Avenue's displays of luxury. He found it highly amusing that people should really covet such things. Most of what he privately esteemed as "culture" was derived from such exhibitions. After seeing the facsimile of Du Barry's boudoir he at once looked her up in his encyclopædia. In a department store window on 42nd Street he admired what they called "A Writing Nook in the 19th Century American Spirit." As a manufacturer of writing materials this interested him: he pressed close to the glass to see what were the books above the desk. They were Johnson, Tennyson, Pope, and Orlando Furioso. He looked up Furioso and could not find that he had anything to do with the American 19th century. But this ranging curiosity made Richard a good trader.

There were always surprises. At night the filigree top of the R. C. A. building, behind St. Patrick's dark spires, shines amber and blood-orange through stone tracery, like the flower they call a red-hot poker. While Protestant churches are fast asleep, St. Patrick's Cathedral is warmed and working. Little banks of candles twinkle with sacred lights; sinners pass quietly in and out of curtained confessionals. All this was mystery to him; the first time he entered he feared he might be put out for not knowing the proper motions. But he sat quietly in a pew, and by assuming the posture of supplication its reality visited him. From the raised terrace outside the church he looked across the glamor of that rugged excavation where men were founding Radio City. It was best seen from the L-platform at 50th Street, where he took train to return home.

Brilliant flood-lights whitened the zig-zag trenches and rock-cuttings; it was like a moon-crater in that milky glow. Derricks leaned in black diagonals, little braziers sparkled in the cold pit, drills rang and chattered. It was so perfect as a spectacle, he wanted to cry, Hold it! Keep it like that!—As far as Roe was concerned it did remain so, for he never saw it finished.

❧ ❧

By adroit questioning Hubbard managed now and then to elicit from Gladys other episodes which seemed to her characteristic of her father's foolishness.

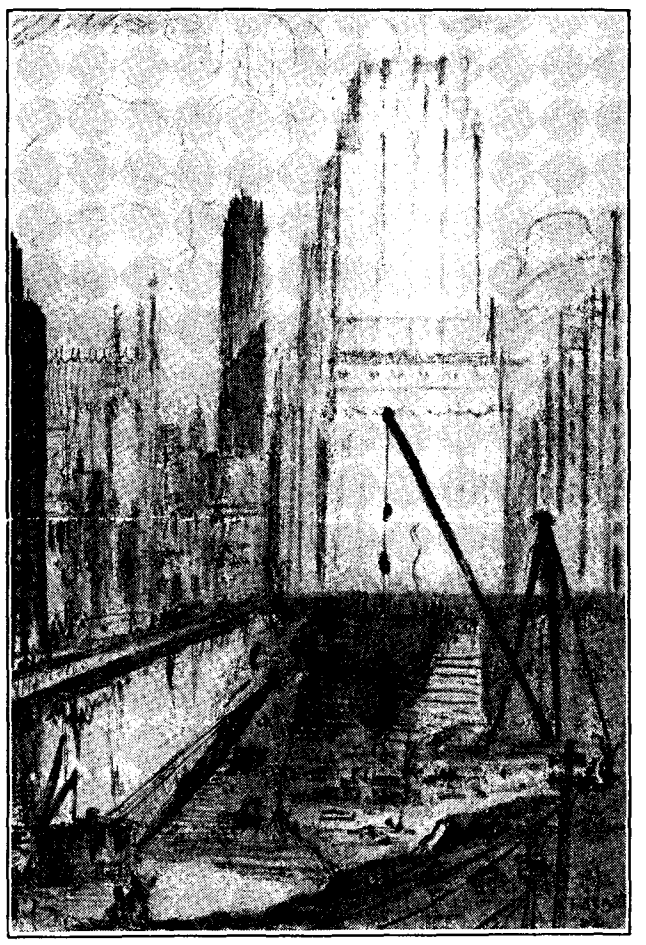
"One of the first things I remember," she said. "I was just a small kid; we were all walking in the grounds outside the Museum, a windy day. I had a green toy balloon on a string, it slipped out of my hand and blew away. Of course I yelled and ran after it. Father and I both chased it. I remember dogs barking and people grabbing at the balloon as it bobbed along. It bounced on a tree and Father almost got it, but each time the wind puffed it out of reach. I simply howled. Father ran right across Central Park West among the traffic, trying to catch it —as a matter of fact I think maybe he was knocked down by a car because I remember he looked awfully muddy afterward and Mother made him go home and change. But the wind took the balloon clean away over Central Park, it flew up and up and the last we saw of it was a little green bubble disappearing in the sky. I was terribly upset, but Father said, Think how pleased that balloon is. That's the very best thing that can happen to a balloon. . . . Don't you think that was an awfully heartless thing to say to a child?

"Another thing I remember: One day we saw a blind man who was singing as he went along tapping with his stick. Father got all excited about it. If a blind man can sing I don't see why we shouldn't, he said. He started singing, right there on the pavement. Of course I was dreadfully embarrassed, because he had no idea of music. His favorite tune was *Dorothy, Old English Dance*, that crazy thing they always give children to practise on the piano. I was learning it then, and he used to ask me to play it I don't know how many times. When he started to sing it on the street I was so ashamed of him I ran home."

Minnie Hutzler contributed a thought that stayed in Hubbard's mind. Minnie lived in a walk-up apartment where one ascended three flights of heavily carpeted stairs. The friction of feet on the carpet, especially in cold weather, generated a strong charge of electricity. When Minnie put her latch-key to the lock, in the dim hallway, a beautiful spark leapt out to meet it. Minnie was so used to this that she had almost forgotten to notice it, but the first time Hubbard saw it he was delighted. "Richard liked that, too," she said. It was the first time she had mentioned him except as "Mr. Roe." Holland had invited her to dine with him that evening to talk things over, but it was the spark on the latch-key that first penetrated her reserve.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(To be continued)



RADIO HOLLOW
Drawn for the *Saturday Review* by Franklin Abbott.

At the request of many former students from the United States, the Practical School of Dramatic Production undertaken by the Little Theatre, Citizen House, Bath, England, will be held during August, 1932, in two sessions which will thus admit of all members combining with this School a visit to the Malvern Festival. Thus the first session of the Little Theatre School will be held in Bath from Friday, July 29th, to Friday, August 12th, and members may then proceed to Malvern for the Festival held during the third week of August, and commencing August 15th, or conversely members who have attended the Malvern Festival during the second week of August may proceed to Bath on its termination and attend the second full session of the Little Theatre School which will be held from Monday, August 15th, to Monday, August 29th.

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IN THE TWO AMERICAS

Alarms and Excursions

BUCKETS OF BLOOD. Señor Bum in the Jungle. By ALGO SAND. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

THE announcement on the cover of this South American Odyssey proclaims in purple letters: "Extraordinary Encounters with Bloodthirsty Indians, Monstrous Reptiles, Ferocious Beasts, Treacherous Freebooters"—and the book certainly lives up to its blurb.

In the first chapter the author is marooned on a sandbank in the Orinoco River with a companion, who is killed by a school of man-eating fish. He writes an appeal for help on a piece of white cloth. This he fastens with one of the arrows, shot at him by attacking Indians, to the body of his companion, which he sets afloat in the hope that the message may thus reach one of the settlements farther down the river. It does. He is rescued. Then he is accused of the murder of his comrade and refutes the charge by proving himself to be an explorer, all explorers, by Venezuelan ideas, being slightly mad and not responsible for their acts.

A few pages later Señor Bum is about to be shot as a revolutionist but is saved by the governor's daughter and dashes away under fire in a motorboat.

So it goes. Every chapter is full of the "robberies, rescues, and escapes" which Thackeray esteemed so highly for his own private reading, with various killings thrown in for good measure. The somewhat dubious hero takes his nickname from the fact that he rarely had any money or drank water and always finished his vagabondage up the Orinoco or down the Rio Negro, shoeless, tattered, and penniless.

Although the book is ostensibly written in the name of one Algo Sand, it is copyrighted by one Herbert Johansen and is presumably one of the many ghost-written chronicles of adventure which have followed so rapidly in the wake of Trader Horn's success.

The hero's adventures in love and sudden death may be entirely authentic but his natural history is liable to cause Mr. Beebe and other specialists in the fauna and flora of South America to leap into the air with a wild cry.

Mr. Sand mentions casually that ant-eaters kill deer and cattle by forcing their long tongues into their victims' nostrils thereby suffocating them. Why an ant-eater, which lives on ants, should wish to kill cattle he does not explain. He tells of monstrous boa-constrictors which swallow deer and humans. As a matter of fact, no boa-constrictor ever exceeds twelve feet in length nor could one swallow a deer any more than a scientist could swallow Mr. Sand's adventures in unnatural history. Presumably the author was referring to the anaconda, that largest of water-snakes which attains a length of twenty-five feet and upwards. Even an anaconda, however, could not successfully attack and crush a crocodile, as chronicled by Señor Bum.

In another place the author mentions feasting on broiled edible spiders the size of plates and resembling monkeys. Of course what the Señor ate were a few cutlets of spider monkeys, which are not bad eating if one does not have to dress them. Either he got the name transposed or his host was spoofing him.

The book is full of other anecdotes, many of them interesting, which may or may not be true. Among them is the story of the Amazon colony of Yavita, inhabited solely by stalwart and temperamental females, and the old, old story of a white race hidden in the unexplored region about the source of the Orinoco.

Then there is the story of the Indians who were pursued by the first Ford car that they had ever seen. The monster chased them for miles, honking its horn, until the whole tribe plunged into a river to escape. Thereafter they ambushed the demon, when it was resting, and filled it full of poisoned arrows.

A chapter is devoted to "Negro," a black killer, who became a firm friend of Señor Bum and was also loved by the beautiful Micaela, half-Indian and half-Spanish. When the country became too hot to hold him, he took refuge with a tribe of Indians and by the simple process of drinking fizzing, foaming bromo-seltzer, which they mistook for boiling water, became installed as the tutelary deity of the tribe. Finally a rival medicine man smashed his magic bottle and spilled the bromo-seltzer, whereupon both Negro and Micaela lost their lives.

Then there was the anecdote of the absent-minded pearl-buyer who was continually leaving behind him in taxis, restaurants and taverns, a black satchel containing fifty thousand dollars in gold and banknotes.

If one wishes to pass away the time with a series of adventures in which the real and imaginary are artfully blended with an undoubted South American setting and photographs, "Señor Bum" is your book. As Lincoln is said to have remarked: "For those who like that kind of thing, it is just the kind of thing they like."

Samuel Scoville, Jr., is a lawyer who has made nature study and writing about it his avocation. He has published a large number of books among which are "Wild Folk," and "Everyday Adventure."

Dreiser vs. the U. S.

TRAGIC AMERICA. By THEODORE DREISER. New York: Horace Liveright, Inc. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by ELIOT JONES

MR. DREISER'S thesis in this book is that capitalism is a failure in this country. In more than four hundred pages of fine type he criticizes unsparingly the railroads, trusts, banks, courts, churches, charitable organizations, and police, in fact, most of our economic, social, and political institutions. In a concluding chapter he advocates the adoption of a communistic régime, similar to the Russian system, which he characterizes as a fascinating social development .

As an economist the reviewer realizes keenly the urgent need of reform in many directions. But he is literally amazed that Mr. Dreiser should have the effrontery to offer to the reading public such a conglomeration of inaccurate statements and irresponsible utterances as this book contains. With respect to the inaccuracies, many illustrations could be given, but two will suffice. Mr. Dreiser says that one telephone company (the American Telephone and Telegraph Company) owns all the telephone stations in the country, whereas in fact in 1930 there were 7,785 other telephone companies, not including more than thirty thousand rural telephone associations. He states also that the Interstate Commerce Commission reduced the wages of the railway employees in 1921, being apparently blissfully unaware of the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission, great as is its power, has never had authority to fix railway wages.

The glaring misstatements scattered throughout the book, inexcusable though they be, are less striking than the irresponsible utterances of the author. He asserts that our capitalists welcome industrial depressions as a means of reducing wages and increasing dividends; indeed, they deliberately and regularly instigate them. Though "the common people (more than ninety-nine per cent of the population) never have prosperity, the corporations and their banks have it constantly." What welcome news this will be to the corporations and banks! He alleges that the Fords, du Ponts, and Insulls give nothing in return for the profits they glory in. He maintains that the railroads (ogre roads, he calls them) have not improved their service one whit in the last fifteen years. He says that the Interstate Commerce Commission must have known in July, 1930, that business activity would decline in 1931, or at least they could have known it had they taken the trouble to examine the several business indices open to them. He includes the Girl Scouts in a list of the "world's craziest, most inane bunch of hypocrites, loafers, and fools"; and he berates the Supreme Court of the United States for not letting a witness appear before it in his shirt sleeves. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company seems to stir him to particular fury. In the author's language, "courts, legislatures, bureaus, commissions, and what not, wherever functioning, all do the bidding of this shameless and bandit corporation." He sneeringly refers to the president of this "vulture" company as dear, darling Gifford; and calls J. P. Morgan sainted, Rockefeller a vulture, Harding a common thief, and the leaders of the American Federation of Labor leeches. And so on, *ad nauseam!*

The reviewer wonders whether any author, no matter how widely known, can honestly hope to contribute to the improvement (or even upsetting) of the economic and social order by writing a book that is so full of misstatement, misrepresentation, and vituperation; and reluctantly comes to the conclusion that the author's sincerity is open to question. In any event, the whole treatment is sophomoric, and quite unworthy of an author of note.

Eliot Jones, who is professor of public utilities in Stanford University, was Vice President in 1931 of the American Economic Association. He has written much on economic and industrial matters.

American Housing

RECENT TRENDS IN AMERICAN HOUSING. By EDITH ELMER WOOD. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by BERNARD J. NEWMAN
Philadelphia Housing Association

DR. WOOD shows a satirically contemptuous attitude toward those who object to government subsidies for housing betterment. The government has subsidized railroads, shipping, manufacturing, farming. Why not extend the policy to housing? Municipal governments likewise subsidize owners when improvement costs are met in whole or in part out of current revenues. Hence, Dr. Wood's ironical contempt for those who hesitate to follow the European policy and use public funds to buy slum areas, clear sites, build and manage housing for the small-wage earner groups. The other side of the story is not mentioned. The gradual decline in commercial construction and the added tax burden on the general public for such projects have been overlooked. About thirteen per cent of all new housing during 1928 and 1929 in German cities of 50,000 population and over was built solely by private funds. Obviously, government funds dry up private funds and at the same time distribute housing costs over the entire population; neither consequence has been evaluated by Dr. Wood.

In discussing the progress in housing since 1917, Dr. Wood presents some well-selected and valuable data which she knits into a most readable story. Thus she assembles information on family incomes, home ownership and equipment, methods of financing home buyers, the increase in dwelling construction from the period of a nation-wide housing shortage in 1918 to the excessive construction ending in 1928. Wisely she calls attention to the fact that this overproduction was not well-balanced since the excess was in the higher price ranges, and benefited the upper third of the population only. Notwithstanding the extended building program, no pronounced attempt was made to gauge the buying market nor to build for the majority of the population, not even for the majority who could, at peak incomes, afford to buy. But houses that were built were sold. They were sold to buyers who bought beyond their means, who could not face the readjustment necessitated by lowered wages and the competition of lowered construction costs. Hence, the heavy foreclosure rate, in some cities the greatest in over thirty years. Home ownership, on a mortgage basis, was accompanied by failures as serious as any experienced in the stock market with both sales prices and rents dropping to confiscatory levels.

Some results favorable to families in the lower income groups did result. New housing relieved the demand made by the upper third for accommodations in old houses, yet two out of every three families were obliged to accept old houses for their home-making. The lower third, Dr. Wood believes, were not helped at all. They were and still are forced to take substandard structures. Their capacity to pay even a reasonable rent is low. The houses in such brackets are poor. They lack sanitary and other equipment. Some are age-worn and deteriorated. Some are cut up into tenements. Families are crowded into inferior accommodations, with inadequate space for normal household services. They pay the penalty in sickness and other deprivations, while society pays the penalty in delinquency, low morals, industrial inefficiency, and excessive demands on public and private charity, with municipalities further penalized through lowered values for tax purposes and extra-governmental costs for policing and for sanitary inspectional services. These latter actually constitute a subsidy paid to maintain adverse living conditions instead of, as Dr. Wood pleads for, to maintain decent living conditions.

The approach to the solution of the housing problem in the United States has been largely through avenues of restrictive legislation, though this method of control has not been widely adopted and during recent periods has been seldom resorted to. Higher wages that some economists thought would afford the buying or renting public greater means for acquiring safe and satisfactory homes have been ineffective, for higher wages brought about higher construction costs and higher living costs, more luxury demands, and only a slight increase in the number of persons who purchased better dwellings. To lessen the cost of housing construction is more vital, Dr. Wood claims, than to rely on advances through wage changes.

The period, however, subject to her review brought forth new types of legislation, such as city and regional planning, zoning, tax exemption, rent restrictions, limited dividend housing authorization, and slum clearance, all of which contributed some progress in housing betterment. Private initiative in satellite towns, model housing schemes, and coöperative ownership gave outlet for some groups in their urge to improve conditions. The lack of a public policy for meeting the housing situation comes in for criticism, while the expedients resorted to of rent restrictions and tax exemptions were products of lack of thought rather than a statesmanlike point of view.

Dr. Wood appraises the results of the war housing problem in the United States as a government housing venture in the United States, and credits the government with having raised standards of house design and subdivision layout all over the country "by force of the example of its war-time construction." In her judgment the point is proved that "government housing could be produced in the United States without scandal, without extravagance, without the sky falling, or the Constitution going on the scrap heap." Some state government ventures are reviewed, notably that of New York and California, and the sporadic attempts in Massachusetts and Wisconsin.

Yet after all that is said by Dr. Wood in her keen analysis of trends she comes to the "end of her fourteen-year journey" in American housing with a statement like Job's Comforter: "The net result of accomplishment is hardly one to justify a high degree of optimism."

The informed reader will disagree with this conclusion, for the past decade and a half has seen an awakening of America to the seriousness of the housing problem. Progress has been made. The public is more receptive. The great conference of December in Washington shows an alertness to the situation and a determination to greater progress. What does it matter if the American housing movement refuses to follow the European programs? This distresses Dr. Wood, but is it not a wholesome sign?

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MY MIND WORKS SLOWLY

said Poor Old Quercus; I've only just realized why some people grieve as they sign the little coupons I arrange for them. They don't like to mutilate their copies of a magazine they enjoy. . . .

But I better remind them (bettn't I?) that even without any coupon, an envelope stamped and mailed to Dept. PEGQ, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45, Y. Y. C., will find its mark—if it encloses 3½ of those fiscal mermaids.

Old Quercus's ads are conscientiously based on the Theory of Advertising enounced by Addison in number 224 of *The Tatler*.

Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DAILY THE TROUBADOUR

WE have few colloquial rhymers today who can be said to practice this difficult art satisfactorily. In prose or in verse parody, an occasional figure occurs like Milt Gross who takes some hitherto unutilized patois and makes through its medium a distinct contribution to comic verse. But dialect since James Whitcomb Riley has had few outstanding practitioners. John V. A. Weaver is one who has done something distinctly different and contemporary in his poems, "In American," and subsequent volumes. And now before me is a new book by Thomas Augustin Daly that gifted Irish dialectician of Philadelphia, who has also, in his time, produced genuine poetry, as in his poem upon the thrush. I say genuine poetry to distinguish it from verse, though in Daly's case both are metrical and the verse often moving. As has been said before, some almost unanalyzable ingredient distinguishes poetry from verse. We know when it is present or when it is absent. That is all. Daly's most distinctive contribution, I feel, is his use of the dialect of the American Italian. Certain poems of his on this order are already classics. Now in *McAroni Medleys,* (Harcourt) he does the thing again and satisfactorily. I was brought up on a great variety of verse expression, from Browning and Whitman down to "The Norsk Nightingale" and Wallace Irwin's famous "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Good dialect verse that catches the exact use of phrase and essential quality of a certain kind of colloquial speech is difficult enough to write. Daly is an expert at it. He is also an excellent light versifier in plain English, one of the very best in the country. Moreover a light-hearted and old-fashioned song like "On the Road to Arden" is one that the spirit of the late H. C. Bunner (of unreproducible delicate fancy) must needs smile upon. Daly's verse, indeed, is timeless. It is not of this perplexed and strident era. It can hit off certain modern manifestations as in "Virtuous Blank Verse," which takes a text from the *Prohibition Gazette.* "Even the names of the alcoholic beverages should be banished from our literature," and runs into such neat commentaries as

And Robbie Burns! We must curtail
His lines that grow too frisky
With talk of "reaming swats" of—,
And goblets "fu'" of—.

It can take up the tongue of the negro, the farmer, the naturalized German, as well as that of the transplanted Italian. It can observe the modern "young girl across the street" quite accurately:

All your bold young Lochinvars
Call on you in motor cars;
I have heard them, night and morning.
Give those rude galoots the air!
Who, to let you know they're there,
Make their honking bugles blare
Brazenly their notes of warning!

and yet we of an elder day must recognize that Daly's particular manner of approach is one now threatening to become passé. There are a good many of us left who still enjoy it. Most of the younger people will have none of it. They demand something that exploits the latest catchwords and quick-lines, that makes new patterns. Our colloquialisms and dialect diversions begin to date.

With the rank and file Tom Daly has proved his popularity. A genial humanist, no propagandist, a clever technician, a boon companion, his are public laurels. If the phrase "journalistic" be applied to much of his verse he still represents the best kind of journalism. A poem like his earlier "Leetla Joe" must be in hundreds of scrapbooks throughout the country, and deservedly. This present book will not disappoint his admirers.

MISS FISHBACK FEELS BETTER

In Margaret Fishback's verses, *I Feel Better Now* (Dutton), she inevitably pits herself against a poet so accomplished as Dorothy Parker. She does not survive the encounter. She is simply another of the clever young women who have contributed to F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower," to *The New Yorker,* and to *Vanity Fair.* Her book seems to me not quite up to Selma Robinson's late volume, "City Child," though I have derived genuine amusement from it, and have recognized good titles, such as "Quake Well Before Losing," and good occasional lines. Note the fifth line particularly in the following "Prayer."

Now I lay me down to sleep—
Eighteen, nineteen, twenty sheep—
God, please try to make me grow
To like the next door radio
That blandly granulates the night,
For if I liked it, then I might
Contrive to get a little sleep
Before the ninety-seventh sheep.

Not among the most brilliant, Miss Fishback still deserves to be admitted to the small fraternity of good light verse writers. One characteristic of our age is that more and more women seem to be entering these ranks, this particular form of writing having formerly seemed to be the special prerogative of men.

SOCIETY VERSE

Patrician Rhymes is a resumé of American Society Verse, from Philip Freneau to the present day, edited with an introduction by Clinton Scollard and Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and published by Houghton, Mifflin. I am a little ahead of its publication date in reviewing it here, but that may be excused by taking this simply as the advance notice of another anthology. If you detest anthologies, you need not read this. But if you care as much as I do for light verse this is a compilation by two veteran poets that will repay your purchase. It begins with Halleck, Drake, Pinckney, Willis, Longfellow, Lowell, and so on, proceeds through Stedman, Aldrich, and Sill, naturally includes Bunner, quotes from the late most assiduous and often felicitous Frank Dempster Sherman and Mr. Scollard himself (who, in the old days of *Life* appeared in almost every number) and in our own time gleans from such diverse people as Ezra Pound and "F. P. A.," Margaret Widdemer and Samuel Hoffenstein, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Countée Cullen. In the introduction "two accomplished expositors of the art" of society verse are allowed to define it, Frederick Locker Lampson and Edmund Clarence Stedman. One of Locker's remarks is:

> It should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's song "To the Not Impossible Him," the one that speaks of "The Carthaginian Rose," is a perfect instance of these qualities. Some of the other selections, however, do not seem to fulfil the definition. Nevertheless, we shall not cavil at a difficult attempt which, in the main, assembles for us so many notable poems.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

We have been meaning for some time to refer back to a special edition of one poem which the Viking Press brought out in 1930. This is *Saint Peter Relates an Incident of the Resurrection Day,* by James Weldon Johnson, the author of *God's Trombones* and other books. Mr. Johnson is one of the most distinguished negro poets of our time. He has also edited *The Book of American Negro Poetry,* and two books of American Negro Spirituals, a task for which he was eminently fitted. Some of the negro sermons in *God's Trombones* combined the atmosphere of the negro prayer meeting, and the very rhythms of the preacher's voice, with genuine poetic imagination. The later poem, *Saint Peter Relates,* etc., presents a satire in which the Unknown Soldier's grave is dug up and he is revealed as a negro, ending in a fine poetic picture of the Unknown Soldier entering into heaven, singing as he climbs.

Deep river, my home is over Jordan,
Deep river, I want to cross over into
camp-ground.

A strong conception and a spirited! The final verse is a perfect climax:

The tale was done,
The angelic hosts dispersed,
but not till after
There ran through heaven
Something that quivered
'twixt tears and laughter.

In his life of "Carlyle," just published by Norton, Emery Neff tells how the young author, when he was trying to find a publisher for "Sartor Resartus," came up against the problems of the book trade in 1831. Conditions then in England seem to have been strikingly similar to those uncovered this year by the Cheney Survey in America. "Carlyle began to realize how hard the publishing business had been hit by the economic crisis. Irving confessed to loss of money on his recent publications. Allan Cummingham told him it was 'almost madness to press forward a literary work at this so inauspicious season.' A statement by the established producer Wililam Blackwood, in October 1931, is typical: 'There never has been so slack a year in our trade since I have been in business.' But Carlyle was burning to get his opinions before the world. He watched indignantly the means which publishers and authors were employing to force sales against adverse conditions.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER INC.

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the publication on February 27, 1932

of

THE HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY LEON TROTSKY ☆

•

Translated from the original Russian

By MAX EASTMAN

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Points of View

A Question in Genealogy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I want to know if I am the only reader of Clemence Dane's "Broome Stages" who is familiar with the genealogy and lives of the Norman and Plantagenet kings of England. So far I have seen no indication of this knowledge in any review of Miss Dane's novel (and I have browsed quite thoroughly through Mr. Towse's review in an October issue of your excellent periodical).

Since Miss Dane throws the cue from the wings in a rather obvious stage whisper in her dedication, I wonder that no one has gone to the trouble to ascertain that the genealogy of the Broomes from the first Richard to young John parallels with only a few telescopings the genealogy of the Dukes of Normandy and the Kings of England from Richard the Good, grandfather of William the Conqueror, to King John. Far be it from me to dispute with a gentleman of Mr. Towse's authority or to question the historical background of one who has been reviewing literature for over sixty years, but since he repeatedly asserts that there is no historical basis for the novel, and nothing but fictional material contained therein, it seems a pity that no one will point out to him that Miss Dane has drawn the bulk of her plot from historical incident. Translated out of modern dress, to contemporary trappings, the fight for the Gloriana between the Wybirds and the Broomes, the treachery of Edmund's sons, and indeed all the details concerning Eleanor and Edmund and their family, are the details of Henry the Second's long struggle with his own sons and the kings of France for the English properties there.

If I am wrong, and have missed in my researches the article which does check up Mr. Towse on this point, I wish you would tell me where to find it. Otherwise I should think Miss Dane is still sitting on the Devonshire coast and chuckling up her sleeve.

MARGARET ELLEN CLIFFORD.

Mr. Havens Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of February 6, 1932, Mr. Matthew Josephson, commenting upon my review of his biography of Jean-Jacques Rousseau in your periodical for the week preceding, seems to have furnished a certain amount of heat. Perhaps therefore a little more light upon the subject will not be amiss.

Rather ungraciously overlooking the high praise I was glad to give to his biography, which is, I repeat, in the main excellent, Mr. Josephson draws a pathetic picture of the biographer's text swamped in thousands of footnotes, like "a doctorate thesis," as a result of carrying out my suggestion that references to the essential documentation be published in compact form, either at the bottom of the pages or, if necessary, at the end of the volume. Many competent French scholars have demonstrated that such a judicious combination of text and notes need not interfere with the author's ease of handling, verve, and interest for the general reader. Whatever may be one's viewpoint on this question of personal opinion, I have a right to protest when Mr. Josephson refers to me as advocating "the widest possible use" of footnotes when I asked merely for "a much wider use" of them than Mr. Josephson has made. The difference is great and my statement does not call for a *reductio ad absurdum*. The inaccuracy here is comparable to some of the inaccuracies of detail pointed out in my review of Mr. Josephson's book.

On the question that the celebrated Dr. Tronchin was possibly guilty of the highly unethical conduct of divulging the secret of Rousseau's abandonment of his children, Mr. Josephson's reference to Vol. VIII (correct to Vol. VII) of P. P. Plan's edition of the "Correspondence Générale" appears imposing, but demonstrates nothing except the well-known hostility of Tronchin toward Rousseau at that time. There is no reference in the place indicated to the question under discussion. As a matter of fact, Mr. Josephson now implies that this weighty charge can rest only upon a supposition. We are therefore in agreement on this point, except that I prefer to have a supposition, especially on so grave a matter, stated as such.

The question of what appears to me Mr. Josephson's unfairness toward Voltaire has already been sufficiently discussed, with reasons, in my review. As to the reference to Rousseau's dog, which causes Mr. Josephson such sardonic mirth at my expense, I need only repeat the comment already made in my review: "The incident is of little importance in itself but shows the danger of straining after an amusing effect."

GEORGE R. HAVENS.

Columbus, Ohio.

Publisher's Advertising

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The one question in your recent referendum which seems to have stimulated the most discussion referred to publishers' advertising. As I recall, the returns you printed have indicated rather overwhelmingly that most readers felt that publishers' advertising fails to whet the appetite for the book advertised; is too full of overstatement to continue to enlist faith; and is dishonest in its appeal.

I thought perhaps you and your readers would like to know that we sent the same questionnaire to a representative mailing list of persons who had been buying Simon & Schuster books, on this question of advertising. We added a twelfth question of our own, specifically referring to our own advertising. The returns were highly surprising and not without gratification.

To the question, Do you find that Simon & Schuster fails to whet your appetite for books advertised, the answers were:

Yes	35
No	225
Not answering	21

To the question, Is Simon & Schuster advertising too full of overstatements to continue to enlist your faith, the answers were:

Yes	25
No	235
Not answering	21

To the question, Is Simon & Schuster advertising dishonest in its appeal, the answers were:

Yes	12
No	241
Not answering	25

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER.

New York City.

Without Benefit of Clergy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have heard it misused many a time and oft in the Rialto and have found it, too, in the pages of otherwise erudite men. I did not, however, think to see it in the *Saturday Review*. I refer to the indiscriminate and completely inexact use of "without benefit of clergy." Probably Mr. Kipling was not the original offender but at least he is the literary godfather of the practice of using the phrase to mean *la vie à deux* as the French so delicately have it. It means, of course, nothing of the kind—as any student of Pollock and Maitland will affirm.

"Benefit of Clergy" was a privilege of medieval law which the Church, in England and on the Continent, claimed. Clerks in orders and their superiors in ecclesiastical rank would claim benefit of clergy when accused of a felony before a temporal court. As there were scores of crimes punishable by death at common law and as the ecclesiastical courts could not inflict the death penalty, it may appear why there was such eagerness to claim benefit of clergy, such reluctance to be tried without benefit of clergy.

The privilege was not abolished until 1827. I hope it will not take as long to abolish the present use to which Henry Walcott Boynton (vide January 23 issue, the review of "The Other One," page 473) and many others so unfeelingly put it.

EDWARD THOS. CARMODY.

[But Kipling, using it as a title, clearly meant to play upon the double meaning of the words.—*The Editor.*]

A petition, supported by Bernard Shaw, Professor Einstein, Bertrand Russell, and several hundred others, has been sent to the Swedish Academy to award this year's Nobel Prize for Literature to Mr. Upton Sinclair.

LINCOLN

THE UNKNOWN
by Dale Carnegie

A short, arresting, dynamic story for you, recommended by

Lowell Thomas: "Presents him unforgettably."
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Dixon Ryan Fox: "Fascinating as a romantic novel."
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The inner lives of seven persons in the Scotch town of Calderwick are linked in this novel, which reviewers call a human and wise story, "which readers with a curiosity about the intricacies of human behavior will like." $2.00

THE MONTH OF MAY
by Jane Dashwood

Every woman who has ever had to make a choice between the lure of love and the demands of duty will enjoy this idyllic story of Mary Willoughby. $2.00

THE RICHEST WOMAN IN TOWN
by Henry Bellamann

Catherine Dreyer had the money, but as mistress of Garrison Gracey, Mississippi River gambler, she lacked prestige. This is the story of her rise above environment. $2.00

Touching the Far Eastern Situation

PHILIPPINE UNCERTAINTY
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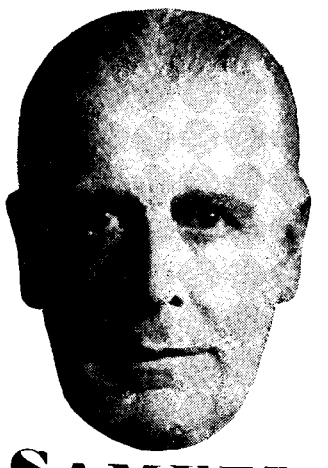
The question of Philippine independence, again before Congress, is discussed by Senator Hawes in this new book. Senator Borah says: "He has dealt with the subject in a straightforward, candid fashion." $3.00

JAPAN: *A Cultural History*
by G. B. Sansom

"This leisurely, scholarly book gives more background for a real understanding of Japan than any other book in the English language. . . . It is notable and unique."—*Lewis Gannett* in the *New York Herald Tribune*. $7.50



WHO is Samuel Seabury? What are his antecedents? What is the "inside story" of the New York City investigation? This biography presents an incisive study of the Judge's political philosophy and ideals, and tells the first consecutive, integrated story of the sensational probe into New York City graft. $3.50

SAMUEL SEABURY
by Walter Chambers

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

C. F., *Cooperstown, N. Y.; H. J. C., New York City, and C. E., Lansing, Mich, ask for books on book-collecting.* John T. Winterich's "Primer on Book-Collecting" and "Collector's Choice" (Greenberg) make a good beginning, though I have been told by dealers in London that the neighborhood of Charing Cross should by rights set up a statue to A. Edward Newton for having started the rush in that direction by "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" (Little, Brown); he followed up the good work with "This Book-Collecting Game" (Little, Brown). Vincent Starrett's "Penny-Wise and Book Foolish" (Covici-Friede) is another inspiring work; and so, in spite of its warning title, is "A Busted Bibliophile," by G. H. Sargent (Little, Brown). Some good books of this charming sort have lately appeared: no one should miss Barton Currie's "Fishers of Books" (Little, Brown), if only for the bouncing anecdotes and personal likings, or Harry B. Smith's "First Nights and First Editions" (Little, Brown), though in this the collecting is but part of the story.

"The Romance of Modern First Editions," by Henry de Halsalle (Lippincott), combines anecdote and general readableness with much practical information, especially about prices. Among the practical manuals are "Buying and Selling Rare Books," by M. H. Briggs (Bowker); "First Editions of To-day and How to Tell Them," by H. S. Boutell (Lippincott); Gilbert H. Fabes's "Modern First Editions," published by Foyle in London, where he is manager of the rare book department—everyone who goes to London comes to know Foyle's, which spreads and bourgeons over house after house till you wonder where it will sprout next. "Modern British Authors," by B. D. Cutler and Villa Stiles (Greenberg) is a guide to first editions of forty contemporary authors, including A. A. Milne.

Of course, if you are going into the business seriously, you will invest in the "Book Collector's Guide: A Practical Handbook of British and American Bibliography," ten to forty dollars in a limited edition (Rosenbach, Philadelphia), in "English Books: 1475-1900," by Sawyer and Darton (2 vols., $12, Dutton), and the seven volumes of "American Book Prices Current," $20 each (Dutton). They tell me that most of the amateur traders on the make take fright away from old bookshops, and that real bookworms are having a chance once more. At any rate, I never saw such alluring catalogues as come my way these days.

O. L. A., *Lafayette, Ind., asks if Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" is published in any of the "dollar series" books, and if Logan Pearsall Smith's "Trivia" is "hopelessly out of print."* "Dreamthorp" is in one of the best of the sub-dollar series; the World's Classics of the Oxford University Press. This is a set of books like a lottery in which are no blanks. For instance, it has a lovely little "Wuthering Heights." "Trivia" (Doubleday, 1922) is out of print (somehow "hopelessly" doesn't sound as if it belonged to anything concerning L. P. Smith) and so is "More Trivia" (Harcourt, Brace: 1921). But there is the new great little book of "Afterthoughts" (Harcourt), which I carried about with me on trains for days, because I could read a sentence and go on thinking for an hour on its impetus. Books like that save space and weight in journeys. Also, since we are on the subject of Logan Pearsall Smith, there is in print his "English Idioms" (Oxford University Press) and the various tracts of his that they publish for the Society for Pure English; there is his volume in Holt's Home University Library on "The English Language"; there is his "Treasury of English Aphorisms" (Houghton Mifflin) lately brought lovingly to my notice by a reader of this department; and there is his "Words and Idioms" (Houghton Mifflin). So those who cannot get along without L. P. S. have something in print to get along with.

O. S. H., *Fall River, Mass., says* "I have just finished reading for the second time (once aloud) Alice Duer Miller's 'Forsaking All Others'; the highest compliment that can come to the author of this clean cut cameo gem has come from you, I am proud to say, when you said 'Poetry is the simplest and most direct way of saying anything. Nothing is really said at all until it is said in poetry, and when something is really so said, it has been said once for all and all you can do is to quote it.'" *B. C. New York City,* says "Ever since reading your notes in June of last year I have been meaning to ask for information about that precious nonsense book I was brought up on but whose name has escaped me; I think it was by Laura E. Richards and contained the poem of skinny Mrs. Snipkin with her little pipkin. What is its title, its publisher, and can one acquire one now? Thanks largely to the outburst of gratitude to Mrs. Richards that took place in these columns last summer when the Okeefinokee frog leaped out of the past into these pages, there is to be that "Omnibus Laura Richards" for which the Guide so loudly called at that time. It is to be called "Tirra-Lirra," it is now on the press and may come out almost any time; it will be about the recrudescence of the frog and the subsequent excitement here and in St. Nicholas, will be by M. L. B. in person. I am not the only one to get excited over Mrs. Richards; Mr. Alexander Woollcott devotes no less than four of the sophisticated columns of the *New Yorker* to a heartfelt tribute of gratitude to her, apropos of the appearance of her lovely autobiography, "Stepping Westward" (Appleton).

Those swimmers simply will not leave off sending material to the Iowa man who is writing a book on this subject; it should be a good one with collaboration like this. C. B. Boutell of Knopf's says: "It occurred to me that your gentleman from Iowa should not miss the supposedly true account of Nicholas (surnamed Peace) who lived sometime in the fifteenth century in Italy. He was born with webbed hands and feet and early took to the water, being able while still a child to spend three or four days at sea, catching raw fish for his meals after the fashion of a cormorant. Later in life he was retained by one of the minor principalities to carry dispatches up and down the coast, as he was able to make better time than most of the ships of the period. The above and a great deal more that is equally fantastic concerning this prince of swimmers is to be found, if my memory serves me right, in 'The World's Encyclopedia of Wonders and Curiosities,' published sometime at the beginning of the last century."

Mary Johnston, MacMurry College, Jacksonville, Ill., says:

> "Anyone who is really taking up the history of swimming in a big way should not miss two excellent examples and close parallels, one from Roman history and one from English fiction. The historian Cornelius Tacitus tells in the Agricola, his memoir of his father-in-law, of the taking of the island of Mona (Agr. 18, 5-7). There were no boats—but enough of the auxiliaries could swim! Comment and detail are adequately furnished, though without reference to this passage, by the similar tale that Kipling tells more fully in 'The Taking of Lungtungpen' in 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' The Roman girl Cloolia escaped from the Etruscan camp where she was a hostage, and swam the Tiber to return to Rome—only to be sent back again by the Fathers. Porsenna admired her exploit so much that, the tale says, he set her free and gave her a horse with splendid trappings."

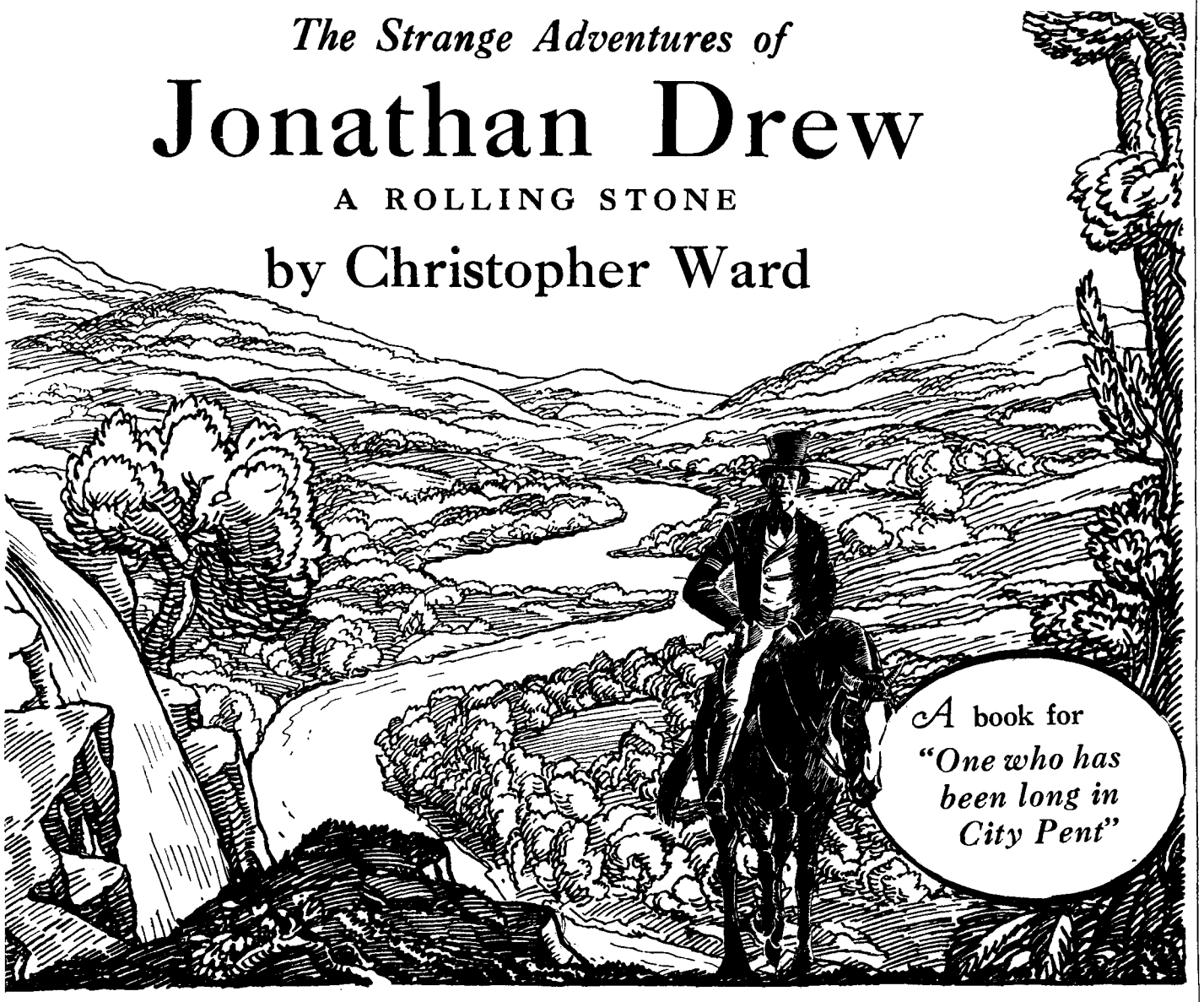
The George Louis Beer Prize, granted annually by the American Historical Association for the best work on any phase of European international history since 1895 has just been awarded to Oron J. Hale, of the University of Virginia, for his "Germany and the Diplomatic Revolution: A Study in Diplomacy and the Press. 1904-1906."

The Strange Adventures of

Jonathan Drew

A ROLLING STONE

by Christopher Ward



A GOOD STORY . . . AN ENGAGING HERO . . . A FAIR FIGHT . . . A WINDING RIVER . . . AND AN ENDLESS HIGHWAY . . .

TO the modern American who is hemmed in by steel and masonry and yearns to escape from gasoline fumes, radios, telephone calls, and business conferences, the robust open-air tradition of Smollett, Defoe, and Mark Twain is a refuge beyond price, and by all the caves of Huckleberry Finn and all the flat bottom boats of the Mississippi a new name has just been added to this noble company—that of Christopher Ward, author of a picaresque novel, in the grand tradition, characteristically entitled *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew.*

You have but to read the first page of the first chapter to catch the exuberant humor, the hard-riding excitement, and engaging rascality of the story. Then you will have to go on. Before you realize it you'll find yourself at page 22 where this paragraph will rivet you for the rest of the romance:

"I was nineteen years old, stood six feet in my stockings and was as strong and well built as any man. I knew I had inherited my grandfather's and fathers' good looks. I was a Drew all over and proud of it. I had a hundred and twelve dollars in my pocket and a girl waiting for me in Worcester. I shed no tears."

Whiskey was then three cents a glass, highwayman roamed the roads, the frontier was right around the corner, and men got their adventures not in the cathedral of a cinema, but on the open road.

* * * *

In eight years of publishing this is the first adventure novel we have ever published. As a rule we don't like them—hadn't ever become thrilled over one since Beau Geste. Not that this book is at all like Beau Geste. It has an entirely different kind of hero, an entirely different setting—America a hundred years ago. But like any really swell adventure story, it snapped us out of ourselves on page 1 and we stayed snapped right through to page 348.
(*Price $2.50*)

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Art

DRAWN FROM LIFE. By S. J. WOOLF. Whittlesey House. 1932. $5.

There are forty-two portraits in this book. They lead from an early etching of Mark Twain to a drawing done in 1927 of Charles A. Lindbergh. The best of them is probably the one of Dr. William H. Welch, the head of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

The great portrait painting eras are those in which hero worship flourishes and man believes, at least a little, in demi-gods and supermen. The idea of equality is certainly a disease of modern republican states. Mr. Woolf, for an example, writes in the introduction to his drawn and written portraits: "At heart the majority of people are much alike." In another place he wonders apropos the success of these heroes he portrays, "if there were not something, call it luck or chance or opportunity, which has not played an *all* (the italics are mine) important part." He cites examples. He evidently likes to discover clay feet. Even the great ones of the earth must sink on them to the level of the people—the real hero. Yet he reports very little on his sitters, in his writing, not already made known through diplomatic publicity channels and reveals nothing in his drawing not to be found in the ordinary untouched photograph.

Among the "head hunters" of the day I should say that Mr. Will Rothenstein was very much finer, a more incisive draughtsman, and that the sculptor Jo Davidson had much more the courage of his disillusionment. The last is the greatest of the belittlers. But then Mr. Woolf has drawn most of his portraits for newspapers. In recent years these have had a very great feeling of hospitality toward their public, along with a great dread of its touchiness. This latter they have felt indeed so strongly that to make taboos of both glorification and deglorification has come as a natural sequence. There must be no superior men in a republic, none, in any case, too big to be described in the commonest terms.

Education

BRIEF READINGS IN PHILOSOPHY. Compiled by *Milo F. McDonald*. Brooklyn: Standard Text Press.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE. Edited by *Herbert Read* and *Bonamy Dobrée*. Viking. $3.

THE EXPANSION OF SECONDARY EDUCATION. Edited by *I. L. Kandel*. Teachers' College.

REACHING FOR ART. By *Guy Eaglinton*. London: Morley & Mitchell Kennerley.

NINETEENTH CENTURY FRENCH VERSE. By *Joseph S. Galland* and *Roger Cros*. Century. $1.60.

Fiction

TWO SYMPHONIES. By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated from the French by DOROTHY BUSSY. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

THIS latest volume of André Gide's to be translated is made up of two short novels that appeared in France several years ago. "Isabelle" was first issued in 1911 and "The Pastoral Symphony" in 1919, yet it is the earlier story that is richer and, if anything, more profound. For M. Gide is of that type of novelist, probably as common as the other kind, the merit of whose work has no relation to its chronology. Rather it seems that the success of what he writes is largely dependent on the thematic range of his natural equipment, which is less than boundless.

"Isabelle" occupies a position somewhere near that middle point which is best typified by "The Immoralist." It is told by an elderly man who is entertaining two old friends at his home in the country. He has been conducting them through the ruins of an old chateau and on their return he recounts an experience of his student days, a chronicle of love and disillusion. Some of its incidents the modern reader must find a little hard to accept, for the story is full of points that partly destroy the plausibility of any novel. But for them "Isabelle" would rank among the author's best work; it is carefully proportioned and infused with a delicate mood of young love and of young disillusion.

"The Pastoral Symphony" is a lesser achievement, the story of the gentle and tortured love of a minister for a blind girl. Like "The School for Wives" it deals with the emotions of one person, and like that book it is sketchy and underdeveloped. It is the first and somewhat longer story that will be found valuable by the general reader and indispensable by the particular admirer of M. Gide.

WATCH THE STARS, IMMORTAL. By SAMUEL MILTON ELAM. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

This is a first novel of unusual interest, though it is not of unusual merit; it must be set down as a failure, but it is a promising failure. It is a story of a familiar type, the development of an artistic and rebellious soul; but in the extravagance of its incidents it is unique. Its hero, John Harmon, is an illegitimate child, born in the Virginia hill country, and brought up by a scholar-hermit grandfather. He begins his career by an unintentional manslaying, runs away, and after various adventures as a sailor, hobo, moving-picture actor, and in other roles, writes a long poem which at once causes him to be acclaimed as a second Milton. In the first triumph of his flame he meets his long-lost grandmother, makes his home with her, and evidently becomes her lover. In the end he goes back to Virginia and kills himself for reasons which are, like his motives throughout, obscure.

The conception and treatment of the book show strongly the influence of Mr. Thomas Wolfe, for whom the author expresses the highest admiration, but the book lacks the volcanic energy and the intimate candor that distinguish Mr. Wolfe's work. We never get inside John Harmon's mind, as we do into the mind of Mr. Wolfe's hero; we never understand even the beginning or the general nature of the epic which makes his name; everywhere we are allowed to watch him only from the outside. And the commentary on life and letters which runs through the book too often degenerates into mere flippancy. The style is marred also by an intolerable affectation.

And yet with all its faults, it is a book that gives great promise of what its author's future may be. Its strongest quality is an intense bitterness. Every theme, person, setting, subject introduced (except the art of literature, and that has almost no true followers) is treated with contempt and hatred. One feels that there must be some adequate cause for such bitterness, and that the author is trying to escape from that cause into flippancy, into pedantry, into admiration for a select few writers; and that, above all, he will not bear the pain of analyzing the reason for his own emotions. We never get into the mind of John Harmon because Mr. Elam will not let us into his own mind, perhaps will not himself face what is there. If he ever does, if he ever truly purges his soul instead of expressing his emotions superficially, he may write a great book.

Miscellaneous

THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE. By *Helena Wright*. Vanguard. $2.

SEX, TEMPERANCE, AND RIGHT THINKING. By *Rinaldo William Armstrong*. Graphic. $1.50.

FINANCIAL AND SOCIAL SUCCESS IN WELFARE PLANS. Kansas City: Intercollegiate Press.

FAIR WINDS AND FOUL. By *Heinrich Hauser*. Liveright. $2.50.

AGRICULTURAL CREDIT IN THE UNITED STATES. By *Earl Sylvester Sparks*. Crowell. $3.75.

HOW SHREWD SPECULATORS WIN. By *Fred C. Kelly* and *Sullivan Burgess*. Sears. $2.

DIAGNOSING TODAY. By *M. S. Rice*. Abingdon. $1.50.

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A PRIMER OF LIBRARIANSHIP. Edited by *W. E. Doubleday*. Scribners. $2.75.

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Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

A Girl at College

FRESHMAN AT ARDEN. By BERTHA GOES. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1931. $1.75.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

This is a story of a girl's freshman year at college. The heroine of the story, Phyllis, has been given a year at college by her aunt, and although she does not expect to be able to complete the usual four years, she wants to make that one year a happy one.

Phyllis has the same struggles, adventures, hard luck, and good times that every freshman has, but the book centers mainly on her relations with her roommate. Before coming to college she idealized her future roommate, and now finds it hard to realize that the two actually are not suited for each other. The roommate tries completely to absorb Phyllis, and to keep her from having any other friends. Phyllis is well on in her freshman year before she faces the truth—that she is missing the friendship of many attractive girls. It is hard for her, but she refuses to let one girl dominate her entire life, and from then on her attachment to her roommate is broken, and her friends are greatly increased. This problem is common to many hundreds of girls, and should be of great interest to the readers of the book.

One of the charms of this tale is that it represents real college life, not the sophisticated or rah rah type described in other books on college, nor the continuous series of wild good times that one sees in the movies. It is not a serious book, nor does it have beautiful style or a gripping plot, but it tells with much humor and vivacity of the career of a normal, typical little freshman.

War and Adventure

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE MOHAWK, BLOOD AND ACTION. By HAROLD S. JACOBSON. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by FLORENCE BAYARD BIRD

HERE is another Indian story in the old tradition with threats of burning at the stake and scalping of helpless women. The noble redskin, striving after beauty, who has become popular in adult literature these days, has not yet superseded the "insidious savage" of children's fiction.

Using a bonafide historical background Mr. Jacobson has written a rousing tale. As he points out in a foreword, in all but a few minor incidents, he has stuck to historical fact. The action is laid in northern New York at the time of the American Revolution. Two boys, John and Roger Allen, are sent by General Herkimer to spy upon General St. Leger's army. The British troops had marched southwards from Canada and had threatened to occupy the Mohawk Valley, thus gaining control of the connecting link between Lake Ontario and the Hudson River.

The boys had been brought up by their father to regard the Mohawk River as a personal trust; to feel that they must protect it from British invasion at any cost. Hence the title "For the Freedom of the Mohawk." After a number of experiences, which are exciting as they are trite, our heroes discover the details of the invading forces. They are captured by Walter Butler's Indians, escape after shooting half a dozen redskins, and seek refuge in Fort Stanwix. The climax of the story is the Battle of Oriskany. General Herkimer, Sir John Johnson, and other important people of the period are depicted plausibly enough.

There is some sloppy writing in this book. The author has a tendency to overload his sentences with adjectives. The historical background, however, is good enough to satisfy the ordinary parent, and there is blood and action enough to please the normal boy.

Search for Treasure

THE MYSTERY CHEST. By Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. EVANS. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

DRAGON'S THUNDER. By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHEL V. CHARNLEY

TWO veteran writers of boys' adventure stories present these two tales—tales that offer surprising similarities in general structure, and that escape being first-rate books by the narrowest of margins.

Admiral Evans' yarn is one of young Martin Lake, British seacoast boy who finds himself involved in a strange search for treasure far over the seas. Shanghaied and made prisoner aboard the enemy's vessel, he at length escapes, finds his friends and after many adventures helps them to locate the treasure. . . . Admiral Evans, one of Britain's heroes of Jutland, tells the tale with all the spirit and the moving characterization that mark his other two boys' books, "Pirate's Doom" and "Ghosts of the Scarlet Fleet." Though this tale is reminiscent of "Ghosts," it has not the sound plot-structure of the other two tales, and it would profit by compression. It has a slight love story worked into it, an element that is likely not to be popular with many high school readers.

"Dragon's Thunder" tells of the adventures of Chris Vane, Boston lad of 1740. Chris also becomes involved in a search for treasure far away and, like Martin Lake, finds himself aboard the enemy's vessel; again like Martin, he escapes and finally turns the pirates' hoard into the proper hands, after heroic participation in the defense of New Georgia under General Oglethorpe. Mr. Kempton has employed his historic background effectively, and he has plotted his story well. But one has the feeling that he has frequently overwritten—that his arduous attempts to stylize the narrative detract from rather than add to it. And Chris is, it seems, a rather less-than-vital individual. Mr. Kempton sees him so closely that he fails at times to give his readers a fair perspective.

The Foreign Scene

THE LITTLE LOST SHEPHERD. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1931. $2.

MARTINE AND MICHEL. By MILDRED CRISS. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

BOTH of these new books for children are devoted to the foreign scene, and rely for attractiveness more upon the picturesque qualities of their backgrounds and people than upon any particularly original or interesting narrative qualities. Provence in the first and the Jura Mountains in the second are effectively used to brighten familiar situations, at the same time conveying in simple form considerable information about the ways, expressions, and costumes of each region. The story by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell, authors of a number of highly successful books for children, is designed for a somewhat younger audience than that of "Martine and Michel," which should appeal especially to girls of twelve or thirteen.

The plot of the second book, in fact,

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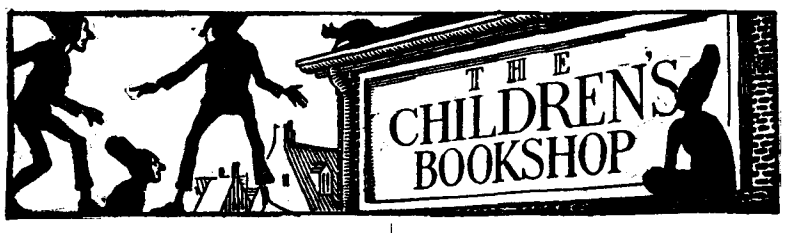

involves such subtleties as the artist father, too absorbed in his work to take much notice of his little daughter, who in turn is more of a mother and housekeeper to him than a child. The story is familiar enough in grown-up books, but this retelling of it in simpler form is pleasantly done, with many charming touches of local color, obviously based on the author's personal experiences. The relationship of parent and child, reversing the usual one, since like most artists in fiction if not in life he requires someone to look after him, avoids the pitfall of sentiment and is both natural and touching. The general course of events on their little farm with its peasant neighbors and many animal friends, makes sufficiently varied reading.

"The Little Lost Shepherd" is less pretentious. A little boy from the mountains is lost, falls in with some traveling circus folk, is cared for and travels with them, seeing many interesting and amusing sights, and is finally restored to his parents safely. The variations on this old but favorite theme are deftly performed by the authors, who write with a simplicity suited to their readers, yet avoiding the idiotic and artificial style so often used by those deliberately writing down to the level of a child's comprehension. Their story, which should be successfully received, is illustrated with many delightful woodcuts, accurately reflecting the Provençal background.

A Lost Treasure

CASTLE SECRETS. By JEAN SEIVWRIGHT. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

OPPORTUNITY only half realized is what must be said of this attractively made book. We step into an old Scotch castle with a wealth of atmosphere in the ancient building itself, in the family who love it, and in the dependents in and about it. On the shoulders of young Jean all the lonely responsibility has fallen. Then comes contrast in the visit of a young American girl who, with characteristic American vigor, suggests a plan of reconstruction—badly needed funds to be raised by the admission of sightseers. All this is good in conception and marred only by occasional stilted and redundant conversation.

Next, alas, comes a rumored family treasure to be searched for, with only the legend of its existence and the probability of a lost map and key to bank upon. Here in all fairness it should be said that it is perhaps the adult reviewer only who wishes to urge upon writers of juveniles that lost treasures should for a time at least be abandoned as a plot scheme in the rebuilding of fallen fortunes; for possibly the younger reader can never be satiated by that fascinating subject. But this autumn has seen an unwonted number of lost treasures recovered in the field of juvenile literature, and good material often—as here—seems really marred by triteness of this kind. We accept somewhat more willingly, but not entirely so, the aviator brother lost in Africa, on account of whose disappearance the family fortunes have been tied up and inaccessible, and whose rescue is of course part of the happy ending, along with the finding of the lost jewels.

I have taken pains to go into this detail not at all with malicious intent but to emphasize the genuine wish that where an author is so able as to present a novel and interesting background and good characters, the greatest care might then be exercised to devise and sustain a plot of appropriate value and a style of dialogue natural and alive. So often our juveniles are thus strikingly uneven in achievement, with one or two sides successful and satisfying, but not all.

The Crocodile

By LAURA E. RICHARDS

WHY does the crocodile weep, Mamma?
Why does the crocodile weep?
He has a sorrow, dear my child:
It makes him sad, it makes him wild;
HE CANNOT BE A SHEEP!

He cannot wag a woolly tail;
He cannot say "Ba! ba!"
He cannot jump, nor flimp nor flump,
Nor gallop off afar.

Be sorry for the crocodile,
But don't go very near:
How e'er he bawl, whate'er befall,
DON'T try to dry his tear!

The History of a Doll

GRANDMOTHER'S DOLL. By ELIZABETH GLADWIN BOUTON. Illustrated by HELENE CARTER. New York: Duffield & Company. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

DOLL books are legion in the world today, especially those enumerating the daily doings of some sweet-smelling, old-fashioned queen of the nursery. But because of the intense amount of competition, originality in the telling is indispensable; and it is lacking in this doll's history. Too many dolls belonging to grandmothers are discovered by little girls in attics for the discovery, if baldly told, to be an exciting event. Betty, little Araminta's owner, moves through a series of wholesome escapades and pleasures told in a tiny diary, distinguished by no particular charm and no high lights. This is a pity, for the illustrations have a certain bright quaintness and run true to the period. But the story does not stand by itself; it falls into a groove.

The routine of a happy child's day in the country in 1876 jogs along easily and to the unimaginative may bring delight. But there are too many books like this one. The material contained in it should have been presented from a fresh angle. Rachel Field has devised a way of doing it in her inimitable "Hitty." On the other hand, the exceedingly simple, episodic progression of Araminta's life will perhaps reach a wider juvenile public than seems probable at the first reading.

Cieza de Leon

CONQUISTADOR. By E. J. CAINE. Illustrated. New York: Duffield & Green. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by W. B. A. TAYLOR
New York Library

WHEN I first read the Travels of Pedro de Cieza de Leon translated and edited with notes and introduction by Clement R. Markham and printed for the Hakluyt Society in 1864, I was struck by the fact that this chronicle of Peru would show the world the Spanish thirst for gold and the iniquities committed against the Inca civilization in a way no other document would show. To understand the Spanish influence and rule on the American continent one must know such historical facts as he has set down. As Justin Winsor says, "Cieza de Leon was many years in Peru and he was one of the most important authorities on Inca history and civilization, whether we consider his peculiar advantages in collecting information or his character as a conscientious historian."

E. J. Craine has taken this material and woven it into a most delightful story. It is not finished and polished too much, but Cieza is permitted to tell his own narrative. You have the feeling when reading the book, that the author is a clever story-teller, at ease before an open fire, and knows that most important element of good writing; where to begin and when to stop. That is real art.

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China in Books

By C. K. BINKLEY

THE Old Philosopher was right: "without going outside my own door I can understand all that takes place under the sky; from my window I can see the highway of Heaven." At least it is so, and without any metaphysical implications, in respect to the steady movement toward a community of the cultures of China and the West, if indeed there is such a movement. We can better sit in our armchairs and see the process, through books.

For instance when, a few days ago, the plant of the great Commercial Press, the heart of the Chinese Renaissance, was destroyed by airplane bombardment, would not one's own first feelings of shock and protest, as if an unusual crime against civilization had been committed, have been multiplied in a witness, however contemplative, into a blind rage, or into the despair of the Old Philosopher, Loatze himself, who rode away from all the bungling manipulations of civilized men, out through the pass on his ox? But witnessing it, as it were, from one's study, one soon adds this to the long list of the massacres of learning that since the edict for the destruction of the books in 213 B.C. (not forgetting Western vandalism in the Boxer war) have blotted out many a record of Chinese civilization.

But this loss cannot be total; one knows that without details. Even if those hundreds of block-print books dating from the invention of block-prints in the later Tang dynasty, through the Sung, in which they attained their greatest perfection—roughly from the tenth century to the thirteenth—if those really have been destroyed, photographic reprints of them nevertheless remain entire in large libraries throughout the world and in scattered volumes everywhere, in the most frugal of libraries, even in mine. The originals were relics precious to civilization in the same way as Gutenberg Bibles and Elzevirs, but these reprints were sold for sums ranging from a dollar or two to as little as five cents a volume in gold at the present rate of exchange. The output from their presses in translations from Western books into Chinese, beginning with Huxley's "Evolutions and Ethics" in 1898, are scattered throughout the Chinese reading world so widely that no edict for their destruction would be likely to stamp them out.

That publication of Huxley's book was an act of sheer faith, of guidance, not a mere outpour of what the public wants. The Chinese showed leadership no less in the moves they made from time to time toward syntheses of Eastern and Western knowledge. One of these attempts is their "Outline of Universal History," by George E. Sokolsky, projected after Wells had made the attempt from this side, an attempt that failed, says Hu Shih in an introduction to Mr. Sokolsky's book, not for any fault of the author's but for lack of "an objective and synthetic history of the East," a lack that Chinese historians, under the tutelage of Dr. Hu himself, are beginning to supply. For this same lack Mr. Sokolsky's work was also predestined to be tentative in its details, an attempt. His distinction is that he views history from a new point of vantage, not from the shores of the Atlantic as all previous writers of histories of the world had done, and, without maintaining a thesis like Spengler, sees history as a single process of many episodes. But the book bears evidence of the firm hands of the publishers. It was to be utterly simple in expression for people not brought up in the English language, and the author complains whimsically that the short adjectives were usually too strong, while the more complicated longer ones would have sent his readers too frequently to the dictionary.

I do not mean to rank Mr. Sokolsky's book with that of Wells. It has the handicap of greater brevity; it does not have his flowing ease; it does not pry into so many crannies; but I should like to see it put before young people, even with its bifocal view sometimes a bit blurred, as a corrective for our books, which attain an artificial unity by omitting the race experience of the largest group of people with one culture, and that culture second only to the Greek in the wealth of its implications. His final chapter, "The Chinese Revolution," writes the author, took him as long to write as the first ten, "for current historical literature, in English or Chinese, is painfully inexact and tendential." This final chapter wins special praise from Dr. Hu as most brilliant, sympathetic with young China, yet unbiased, and worked out in large part from intimate personal knowledge (for he was close to the center in various phases of the Revolution) and from a full file of clippings and documents. The book was completed in 1927. But unfortunately it ends with the results of the Washington Conference in 1921, and in the East in the past ten years more water has flowed under the bridges than in our conservative West.

For the story of the Revolution continued to the Provisional Constitution of May, 1931, of which he includes a translation, there is "China in Revolt," by Dr. H. F. MacNair, published last October by the University of Chicago Press. Except for a rim of masterly general chapters, to one of which I intend to refer later, the book is a closely filled-in summary. A few of these summary chapters are too prickly with facts in juxtaposition for the unseasoned feet that Dr. MacNair wishes to guide, and too thickly sprinkled with mere names; but we can take them for what they are, a clue, and a good one, through the maze, and for a more personal and concrete presentation go to some book that gives us some of these men in the round, on a background of events, and trailing, too, some clouds of the glory of ideals, as in life. "The Spirit of the Chinese Revolution," by Dr. Arthur N. Holcombe (Knopf), is such a book. It is a collection of the author's Lowell Institute Lectures for 1930, and draws upon his personal knowledge of six of the Chinese leaders, whom he takes as representatives of different factors and phases of the revolution, as Chiang Kai-shek of militarism, T. V. Soong of capitalism, C. T. Wang of political science, and "the so-called Christian general." Dr. Holcombe met these men and spoke with others about them. His judgment is kindly, and he often is willing to give the benefit of a doubt to what has a sinister look. But he uses his eyes and ears and tells plainly what they bring him.

Of course, the all-inclusive spirit of the revolution is democracy, and its incarnation is Sun Yat Sen. He has first place in Dr. Holcombe's pantheon. Bishop Henry Bond Restarick of Honolulu, in "Sun Yat Sen, Liberator of China," published last October by the Yale University Press, concerns himself wholly with the great leader. The book is especially valuable for the first-hand evidence it collects upon Dr. Sun's early life, uncovering in that way the springs of his later actions apparently so complex and so widely misunderstood. "It will make an important contribution to any satisfying future biography of its subject," writes Professor Latourette of the book in a discriminating preface.

Every book of fiction or human fact concerned with modern China must perforce consider the revolution and war. In "The Good Earth" it is a cloud that does not yet cover the whole sky; war is still the disreputable semi-brigandry it has always been considered by the Chinese. So, too, in "I Walk Alone," but the drums roll louder and there is sporadic idealism and devotion. In "The Books of the Emperor Wu Ti" it is more like an inside view of that last dim battle in the West in Tennyson, where friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew. In "A Son of China," by a Chinese participant, a few of Dr. MacNair's chapters are seen in a youthful glamor of enthusiasms, hopes, and despairs. In "The Grass Roof," by a Korean who as a child saw his country absorbed by the Japanese, one feels the bitterness of a whole people whose altars are thrown down.

Russia's part in Chinese affairs ending with the expulsion of Borodin from China and the exile of Trotsky is easy to understand: a desire for the fruit before it was ripe. Not so plain, of course, since that defeat, is her part in the widespread underground struggle between the Chinese Communists and the Kuomintang, which is reported by Dr. MacNair from the vantage of 1931 in his chapter, "The Hammer and Sickle vs. the Twelve-pointed Star." In the light of this struggle—if that can be called light which from its nature can be only unverified reports and guesses—the Japanese incursions into Shantung (if their impulse is not simple land-hunger, commercial exploitation, and national glory using treaties as stepping stones) are a new phase of a very old contest between the three systems represented most picturesquely in our day by Mussolini, Lenin, and Sun Yat Sen. But in the life-and-death struggle through secret terrorism that appeared to be going on last spring, and presumably is in continuance now, from village to village in the interior, the odds seem to be with the Communists, for they hold before the people the bait of an immediate division of land. Can the loyalty of a people hold against this bait under taxes two or three times as high as in the time of the Manchus and collected (this is said of Szechuan) thirty, forty, and in some places it is reported, ninety-nine years in advance? In 1930 the Communists claimed that there were something like 80,000,000 sovietized Chinese cultivating land without payment of rent.

But the spirit of Sun Yat Sen is not dead. Sun-Yet-Senism is a religion and the Three Principles are its Bible. Further, M. Granet in his "Chinese Civilization" writes of China in the first millennium before our era:

> "While in the center the Chinese nation was coming into being, on the borders states were forming which, aiming at annexing the center of China, ended by themselves becoming Chinese. The process continued down to the last dynasty on the throne, the Manchus; will Russian ideas also be made over into China's essential mold pattern? "The West is digging a grave in the East for its own burial," Lenin is reported to have said in 1919.

But Russia in her open moves had her fingers burnt; in teaching the Chinese the secrets of her own organization is she, perhaps, giving them a weapon to use against the Russian idea itself? Did Sun Yat Sen, who read his people in himself and projected a kindly Utopia in which the best of our own religion and society and the flower of our culture had place with the best of China's, know his people better than the master group-psychologist Lenin?

Northwestern University Library not long ago issued a leaflet containing a translation of an article entitled "Thanks to Books," by Stefan Zweig, which appeared in a supplement to the Viennese journal, *Philobiblon*. We quote the following from it: "There they are, waiting and silent. They neither urge, nor call, nor press their claims. Mutely they are ranged along the wall. They seem to be asleep, yet from each one a name looks at you like an open eye. If you look their way or reach a hand toward them they do not call out, nor are they insistent. They make no demands. They wait until advances are made to them; then for the first time they open up. First, when there is quiet about us, peace within us; then we are ready for them. You would like to dream, but in music. With the pleasurable presentiment of a pleasant experiment you go to the bookcase: a hundred eyes, a hundred names silently and patiently meet your searching glance as the slave women of a seraglio look to their master, humbly awaiting the call and yet blissful to be chosen. And then, as the finger gropes about on the piano to find the key for a hidden melody, gently it yields to the hand, this dumb white thing, this closed violin—in it all the voices of God are locked up. You open up a book, you read a line, a verse; but it does not ring clear at the moment. Disappointed, you put it back almost roughly, until you find the right book for the moment. Then suddenly you are seized, you breathe rapidly as you carry it away to the lamp, The Book, the happily chosen volume glows, dazzles with an inner light. Magic has been done; from delicate clouds of dreams there stalks forth phantasmagoria. Broad vistas open up and your vanishing senses are lost in space."

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True Stories

NOT quite two years ago a native daughter of California whose entrance into that delectable land occurred during the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln experienced an impelling urge to reverse the Kingsley-Greeley dictum and visit a married daughter in New York. An imposing and familiar obstacle intervened —what was she to use for money? Suddenly it occurred to her that in a trunk in the attic (no, this incident is *not* an improvisation) was the identical little overland guide book which her father had used in his Pacificward trek from the Middle West nearly eighty years before. It had been preserved as an intimate family relic rather than as a scarce example of Western Americana.

The lady had read somewhere that such apparently trivial manuals often had a value far in excess of that of the customary old family Bible. To part with the relic seemed at first in the nature of a sacrilege—a flouting of the Lares and a scoffing at the Penates. On the other hand, the ancestral gods might well beam propitiously at any commercialization of sentiment aimed at bringing the old generation into touch with the new. The book was sent to New York, and sold at an amount sufficient to bring the lady East and return her West with a degree of speed and convenience that her father had never dreamed of. Only three other copies of the guide were known.

There is a romantic appeal in Western Americana which must quicken the pulses even of him who can gaze unmoved at a Columbus letter or a Waldseemüller "Cosmographiæ Introductio." The dusty pall of pseudo-antiquity covers these latter, and while no superior imaginative faculty is needed to endow them with warmth and color, still there are those who just do not so endow them. After all, Columbus and Vespucci and Hakluyt and De Bry have long been in their graves—Columbus, indeed, in two graves at once. But the men who pointed the way to the West are only of the day before yesterday. After life's fitful fever they, too, sleep full as well as Cortez and the Cabots, but their sons and daughters are yet among us, and their grandsons are reading the ticker at this very moment.

No one of these mid-century emigrants, presumably, paused to reflect that he was making history, or that, when he began to set down the record of his travels, he was bequeathing to posterity data of transcending importance. Often this voyager into the untracked West was either the town's addlepate or its ne'er-do-well, or at any rate was so regarded by his less mobile neighbors—who else would embark on such a giddy enterprise? When he returned he was a better-than-nine-days' wonder, and was doubtless importuned by his friends (abetted by the local job-printer) to put his narrative into permanent form.

The permanence often proved transient enough. Produced usually in a small quantity (perhaps a hundred or two copies), printed on any available paper, and protected only by the flimsiest wrappers, these records of early Western travels have become, as a class, among the scarcest of collector's items. Many of them have certainly vanished forever and will never be recorded even as hypothetical entries in any bibliography. And from time to time a new one is discovered, to take its place on the glamorous roster of argonautic archives.

Goodspeed's Bookshop of Boston recently announced the discovery of an early Western narrative which they describe as "unknown to Wagner, Smith, Cowan, or, as far as we know, to any other bibliographer of the West, and unrecorded in the entire run of 'American Book Prices Current.'" It is Riley Root's "Journal of Travels from St. Josephs to Oregon, with Observations of That Country, Together with a Description of California, Its Agricultural Interests, and a Full Description of Its Gold Mines," printed at Galesburg, Illinois, by the Intelligencer Print in 1850. Below the imprint, mortised into a fearful ornamental border, appears inconspicuously the name of "Southwick Davis, Compositor." Thus the wrapper—the title page is almost identical with it, the phrase "Some Description of California" being substituted for "A Description of California" and "Gazetteer and Intelligencer Print" for "Intelligencer *Print*."

Root left home in April, 1848, and reached Oregon City in September, continuing to California the following spring. In October, 1849, he sailed for home, crossed the Isthmus of Panama dryshod, and took ship to New Orleans, reaching his starting-point on January 8, 1850, after an absence of one year, nine months, and five days. Root's record is a compound of narrative, first-hand (and good second-hand) observations, historical data, and advice to emigrants.

J. T. W.

A Reflective Bookman

THESE THREE. By GABRIEL WELLS. With a Preface by ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Designed by FREDERIC WARDE. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1932. $3.50.

THERE exists hardly a department of bookish activity which at one time or another Mr. Wells has not at least reconnoitred. He buys books, sells them, publishes them, reads them, reviews them, edits them, writes them—and when he stays his own pen in contemplative interlude, that diligent scratching across the room will be the pen of Mr. Royce, Mr. Wells's chief of staff, furthering his researches in the ramified bibliography of Balzac. When Mr. Royce, who is the most devoted Balzacian on this continent, has finished that task, he can turn his attention to the compilation of a bibliography of Mr. Wells, who already has an impressive total of titles to his credit.

"These Three" is the compressed marginalia of a philosopher and a bookman—a philosopher because a bookman. It takes its title from the opening pronouncement, which sets forth the elements that constitute "a rounded-out life" as "power, pleasure, and peace." Mr. Wells returns to this text later when he ventures an opinion "who, among the present-day authors, are, in my estimation, the three likeliest to survive." *John o' London's Weekly* asked him this last spring, to his conceded embarrassment. He nominated Kipling for power, Shaw for pleasure, and Barrie for peace.

But Mr. Wells himself would be the last to insist on a book collector's limiting himself to this trinity. "To acquire original things, first editions, is good," he declares in "The Lure of Collecting," "but far more desirable is it that in the hunting for original things we should maintain our own originality. Let us be a 'first edition' ourselves, and refuse to be a mere 'reprint.'"

Let Mr. Wells determine, while in the full tide of his career as bookseller extraordinary, that he must one day settle himself to the task of writing his reminiscences. "These Three" gives an occasional hint of his anecdotal capacities for such an effort. There was, for instance, the occasion when A. Edward Newton saw a copy of the first edition of John Skelton's poems on Mr. Wells's shelves. Someone else had the refusal of it, and Mr. Newton went back to Philadelphia without it, but desiring it more with every passing mile of the ninety. Home again, he immediately wired Mr. Wells: "Shall not be happy without the Skelton." But the telegraphic interpretation was "skeleton"—based, perhaps, on the assumption that the cigar-store Indian on the lawn at Oak Knoll was pining for companionship. Anyway Mr. Newton got the Skelton.

J. T. W.

THE latest issue of *The Book-Collector's Quarterly* of London (Number V, January - March, 1932) contains a paper by the late D. H. Lawrence on "Six Novels of Thomas Hardy and the Real Tragedy" which, while not strictly pertinent to the *Quarterly's* editorial plan, is nonetheless worthy of inclusion on the theory once expressed by Francis Meynell of the Nonesuch Press in the *Colophon* that "some collectors read." Lawrence's thesis is that in the novels (particularly, of course, in "The Return of the Native") "there exists a great background, vital and vivid, which matters more than the people that move upon it." He continues:

> The vast, unexplored morality of life itself, what we call the immorality of nature, surrounds us in its eternal incomprehensibility, and in its midst goes on the little human morality play, with its queer frame of morality and its mechanized movement; seriously, portentously, till some one of the protagonists chance to look out of the charmed circle, weary of the stage, to look into the wilderness round. Then he is lost, his little drama falls to pieces, or becomes mere repetition, but the stupendous theatre outside goes on enacting its own incomprehensible drama, untouched. There is this quality in almost all Hardy's work, and this is the magnificent irony it all contains, the challenge, the contempt.

A book of interest to all Shakespearean scholars is THE DATE OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, by Rupert Taylor, which assigns a revolutionary date to the play, taking cognizance of all critical material on the subject published to date. Price $3.00. Published by Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City.

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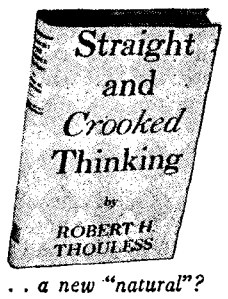

. . . a new "natural"?

How can you tell when a book "clicks"? What is the sure sign of a "titanic Thursday" like those memorable zero hours which marked the publication of *The Story of Philosophy . . . Trader Horn . . . Show Girl . . . Bambi, A Life in the Woods . . . The Art of Thinking . . . Believe It Or Not . . . Hard Lines . . .* or *Men of Art. . . ?* By what portents can a publisher spot *"a natural"*?

Well, in the first place, there is no one royal road to best-sellerdom. The indications are usually composites of many variables. But a few hints are usually to be noticed . . . straws in the wind like these: "rave" reviews from the heavy-artillery of first-line critics . . . immediate re-orders from the Doubleday, Doran shops, Macy's, and other hair-trigger book-sellers . . . unsolicited tributes from book-dealers and their clerks . . . high praise from experts on the given subject . . . word-of-mouth endorsements from enthusiastic readers . . . an indefinable x-quantity atmosphere in the air. . . .

Straight and Crooked Thinking by Professor ROBERT O. THOULESS of the Psychology Department of the University of Glasgow is out only a few short weeks, but the signs and portents are beginning to appear—not enough to be conclusive, but plenty to warrant close watching and high excitement.

Your correspondents have been featuring this as the one book which takes the barbed wires out of logic, and the critics and experts seem to agree. . . . "Logic hasn't changed since Aristotle," says IDWAL JONES, "or since Professor Jevons wrote his short treatise which is still used in schools. But it has never been expounded so wittily as within these covers. It is the brightest work of its kind since the ABBE DIMNET'S."

[*Time out—actually—for re-orders from Macy's, Doubleday, Brentano's, Channel Book Shop, and others . . . note for manufacturing department to watch stock . . . wire to sales staff that the book is in the air . . . by the way, how* DO *you pronounce* THOULESS? . . .]

Says DR. EVERETT DEAN MARTIN, one of America's leading psychologists: "I read every word of *Straight and Crooked Thinking* with interest and pleasure. It is a delightfully written account of the errors and pitfalls of thinking, filled with amusing and very apt illustrations. All sorts of people ought to read this book. It will reveal to them some of the tricks which we all play on ourselves in thinking and it should be an aid to better habits of judgment."

Further echoes from the distant drums . . . an unsolicited triple-A tribute from MISS HARRIET ANDERSON of the Channel Book Shop. . . . (. . . "Certainly every one who read THE ART OF THINKING is a prospect—and every one who didn't. We are selling it to men, women, and children—in fact, no one is quite safe in our shop until they can be reasoned, cajoled, or shanghaied into buying this book. . . .) A full column essay and high praise from PROFESSOR ROBERT E. ROGERS of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology ("*much superior to any formal logic I have ever seen . . .*) an unmistakable salute from the *New York Times Book Review* . . . and a pardonable suffusion of that "I-told-you-so" gratification on the part of

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The PHŒNIX NEST

WILLIAM A. ELLIS, of Bloomfield, N. J., has written us, "I think it a pity *Frances Frost's* 'Park Avenue Cat' in your January 30th column can't meet a nice lady. So how about this?" The poem he incloses is

PARK AVENUE RENDEZVOUS

In a window sill on the Avenue,
Looking down over Saint Bartholomew,
Prim and innocent, there she sat—
A buxom, Victorian lady cat;
Lifted out of a life of sin,
Sleek without, well fed within,
Her scarlet past was wiped away
In the silk and gold of this brighter day.

A saucer of cream, a sunny nap
On a pillow of silk, or a dowager's lap—
Small wonder she cast a disdainful eye
On the rabble of catdom that ambled by;
A daughter of fortune, she knew the strife
That goes with the seamy side of life;
But that was all in a vague has-been;
And she screwed her nose from the limousine.

The dowager's morals, she early divined,
Were not likely to bother the dowager's mind;
The appearance of evil was never brought in
And nothing was said on the subject of sin;
Six days her life was a model of form;
No faux pas should threaten her pillow warm;
Six nights she retired to her chaste retreat;
No evil should change this fortune sweet.

But on Saturday night she took the air,
With the help of the doorman stationed there;
On silken pads, with tail held high,
She minced to the passageway nearby,
And by it withdrew from the fumy street
To live with her memories, fragrant and sweet,
From half after midnight, till just before two,
In an areaway off the Avenue.

No fault of hers if a gentleman cat
Happened to pass near where she sat;
He was lanky and lean, a son of perdition,
Though bred in Bartholomew's best tradition;
And between this illy assorted two
An incongruous, strange affection grew—
'Twixt the gentleman cat with a record shady
And the quite irreproachable, silk-pillowed lady.

On Monday and Tuesday, his lean feet flew
At midnight down Park Avenue,
Or he'd ogle a kitten left in the lurch
In the purlieus of Saint Bartholomew's Church;
On Wednesday and Thursday he'd yowl at the sky
From a slanted tree in the yard nearby;
But Saturday night he reserved most true
For an areaway off the Avenue.

The afternoon wore on toward two;
She jumped to the sill on the Avenue;
On Bartholomew's steps a black tail lashed,
And up at her window a golden eye flashed;
She moved uneasily on her seat;
She wound her tail 'round her silken feet;
She purred, she yawned, she hummed a tune;
For you see, it was Saturday afternoon.

In fact, we might just as well turn this issue into a cat number, as *Katherine Morse*, whose parody sonnet we recently printed, writes in from The New York Training School for Teachers:

> Encouraged by your notice of my sonnet, and noting your tributes to scholars now and then, I offer my tribute to a real scholar, "Teddy T. C.," lately deceased.

We have not space to quote all of the contribution, but we will include this much:

> *"Teddy, T. C."* was the Teachers' College cat. He slept in subterranean passages by day and fed on the fat of the Horace Mann lunch room. At night he emerged upon the College steps, where he looked the whole world in the face, for he feared not any man. His form was long and attenuated with sunken sides; his tail a languid baton. The last of him looked as though it might at any moment disintegrate from the first, through a process of sheer indifference on his part as to whether he should pull it along any further or not. In fact, he closely resembled Pope's famous alexandrine: "And like a wounded snake drags its slow length along." His countenance, amiable and melancholy, showed the years that bring the philosophic mind, as who should say, "I am a part of all that I have met"; a calm and scholarly cat, by absorption; "why so hot, little man," after the meat that perisheth!

At any rate, this will be a contributors' issue, for here is something else that we cannot forebear to print. It is from *Sidney U. Hooper* of Syracuse, Indiana. He says:

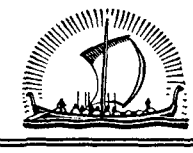
> If you haven't already done so you will enjoy Emerson's account in English Traits of his first talk with Carlyle in 1833. These remarks could (and perhaps have been) very aptly be used by any of the commentators on "The Cheney Report" and are not inappropriate in a discussion of the *Review's* Questionnaire of December 19th. For your convenience I quote; speaking of Carlyle:
>
> "He took despairing or satirical views of literature at this moment: recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing. Hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the eve of bankruptcy."

Though most of us know *Elissa Landi* as a talented actress of stage and screen, not so many realize that she has written three novels, the latest being "House for Sale," to be published by Doubleday, Doran on March 10th. Miss Landi is also a granddaughter of *Empress Elizabeth of Austria*, a mezzo-soprano of merit, a pianist, and a fluent linguist. In private life she is the wife of *John Cecil Lawrence*, a London barrister. . . .

The "Prix Femina Americain" has just been founded by the French Committee in Paris. This award will be given to the man or woman whose imaginative work in prose or poetry seems most worthy of expressing in France the spirit and character of America. The program is broad and makes allowance for the consideration of all sincere and beautiful literary works. Each year the book which has received the award will be translated into French and published under the supervision of the French Committee Femina in Paris. *Madame Jeanne Dauban*, who is now in this country, has been commissioned to organize the American Committee which will select every year the books proposed for this prize. The American Committee is well under way with *Edna St. Vincent Millay* as President and *Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow* as Vice-President. Mme Dauban, who is Perpetual Secretary, has formed an organizing group to assist her. It includes *Irita Van Doren*, editor of *Books*, the *Herald Tribune* literary review; *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*, novelist; *Amy Loveman*, managing editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*: *Katherine White*, managing editor of *The New Yorker*, and *Mary Ross*, associate editor of *The Survey*. The Committee will be under the high patronage of *Ambassador Paul Claudel* of France. A parallel Committee for the "Prix Femina Anglais" was formed in England in 1920 to select English works and includes *Lady Northcliffe*, *Lady Gregory*, *Lady Russell*, and *Rebecca West*. . . .

The New York Stage Society, 64 West 52nd Street, has been formed and desires five-dollar pledges for full membership for which the contributors are entitled to see five private performances of new plays which will be chosen by a Committee composed of *John Erskine*, *Christopher Morley*, *Carl Van Doren*, and *Cleon Throckmorton*, who will design and build the scenery. The organization will attempt to do for American playwrights what the London Stage Society accomplished for the authors of "Cynara," "Berkeley Square," and "Journey's End." . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.



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